

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



Lord George Hamilton. Lady Mayoress. Duke of Connaught. Lord Mayor. Sir Reginald Hanson. Duke of Cambridge. Sir Arthur Arnold. Lady George Hamilton. Lord Hobhouse. Hon. G. Curzon.

THE INDIAN FAMINE FUND: THE MEETING AT THE MANSION HOUSE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

One is glad to see a pantomime play score another success in London. It is creditable alike to the good feeling and the good taste of its beholders, who show themselves capable of appreciating fine acting under difficulties. But it can never be anything but an occasional and exceptional performance. To act without words is like going into battle armed to the teeth with weapons of precision, but only using a bow and arrow. It is a deliberate throwing away of the most obvious advantages that professors of the dramatic art have at their disposal. Now and then a manager in mounting a play of Shakspeare has confined himself solely to such stage decorations as could be found in the bare, spacious times of Queen Elizabeth; he tries to persuade us that it is done for the best of reasons, but we know that it is done for cheapness, and he might just as well say so. To ignore all the improvements in representation that have been going on for centuries in order to present the Shakspearean drama as it really was, is to revive the Mastodon; but to cut out the tongues of our actors is to revert to no period, however early, of dramatic history, and saves nothing. We may welcome the pantomime play as an occasional luxury, but as a permanence it is out of the question; nobody who was not stone deaf could compare it, other things being equal, to a spoken play.

It would be well, however, if in every great city of the world there was one home of the mute drama, whither strangers might go who were ignorant of the language of the country. I know of few things more depressing than to go to a foreign theatre under such circumstances, though perhaps to know a little of what is going on is worse. Anyone who has been to a French play in London and watched the audience will understand what I mean when I say that there is as much acting among them as on the stage, for not to know French is to confess the lack of a polite education. In a dumb play there is no occasion for pretence of this kind, though, as a matter of fact, not half the spectators have the least idea of what is going on. Only the more audacious explain what has taken place to their neighbours (who have by that time forgotten the gestures in question), and are generally quite wrong. I see that in "A Pierrot's Life" the book is placed in the hands of those who behold the drama, which is an immense improvement. Things are thereby not only made intelligible, but the spectators are put in a position to appreciate the art of the actors; otherwise—so far as my experience goes—the result is deplorable. The most attentive are resolute to stick to their own views of what this and that dramatic gesture is intended for. One says, "He has dismissed them with his blessing"; "On the contrary," says another, "he has registered a vow of vengeance." A lady who lives in the suburbs whispers to a friend that it signifies irritability, and is the very thing her husband does when he has missed his train. One is curious to know what is the effect of pantomimic study upon the actor himself, and whether it qualifies him or otherwise for the ordinary stage. It is easy to imagine that the limbs and features may be too highly cultivated at the expense of the tongue, and that there may even arise a tendency to "make faces," such as is reproved in very strong language by Shakspeare himself.

It is not often that a mere advertisement is suggestive; indeed, the object of many of the modern ones is to mislead the reader, who is tempted by a story promising the most desperate adventures only to be landed in some unapproachable soap or unrivalled jam. Like Edgar Poe's tales, they are probably written backwards, beginning (say) with syrup of camomiles and concluding with a dust storm in the desert; it has become quite a peculiar branch of literature, and though it does not develop the imaginative faculties, it ensures us against an unhappy ending. It is, therefore, quite refreshing to come upon an advertisement of such social significance as the following, out of the *Blackpool Times* in the last days of 1896: "Young man, of dark complexion, is prepared to 'Let in the New Year' at any house in Blackpool between 12 and 9 a.m., at two shillings each without refreshment." The explanation of this cryptic notice lies, it seems, in a local superstition that the first visitor to a house in the New Year, if he happens to be of a dark complexion, brings it good luck. The question that occurs to every reader interested in social economy is, Has this young man any other occupation? Except for one morning in the year is he one of the unemployed? If so, he has the very lightest work on record. There was once an American youth who described his calling as that of blacking glasses for eclipse times; a vague and shadowy profession demanding active pursuit but very rarely, and giving more ample opportunities for leisure than our Long Vacation itself. But for combined certainty and brevity it is not to be compared with the labours of the young man of Blackpool. Think of him, as the year draws to its close, getting himself ready for work, bracing his energies for that single effort of maintaining himself by his own exertions! Some square people find themselves in round holes, unsuited for that station in life in which Fortune has placed them; but this man is obviously fitted for the place which Fate has allotted him. He dwells in Blackpool, one of the few towns in the world

where the New Year is "let in" by strangers, and is of a dark complexion, which ensures good luck to his employers.

It is very unusual for a millionaire, whether alive or dead, to benefit the world at large. If he leaves or gives money for philanthropic purposes, it is generally limited to the inhabitants of his own neighbourhood, or, at all events, to his fellow countrymen. He builds a hospital or a college, and gives his name to it, hoping that it will be associated with him for ever, unconscious of the oblivion that in a generation or two overtakes the most "pious founder." In the bequest of Dr. Alfred Nobel, the dynamite manufacturer, there is nothing either of the personal or parochial element. His enormous wealth—amounting to two millions sterling—is left to Science and the cause of Peace all the world over. There are every year to be five prizes to be awarded to Swedes and foreigners alike. "The first for the most important discovery in the domain of physics; the second in that of chemistry; the third in that of physiology or medicine; the fourth for the most distinguished literary contribution in the same field; and the fifth for whomsoever shall do the best to promote the cause of Peace." In these days there are quite a number of people who make it the business of their lives to write for prizes. They strain every nerve to get a guinea from the competitions in *Snippets* or *Nutshells*, and few of them, it is understood among their friends, have failed to receive honourable mention. Now here is a chance that has certainly never happened to them before (though it will henceforward recur yearly), for the value of each of these five prizes will be over ten thousand pounds! After having gained one of them, the most restless competitor might fold his hands for a year or two before going in for a fresh batch. For my part I shall be well content, since I am not a man of science, with pointing out the path of Peace and pocketing once for all my ten thousand pounds. Others, however, will be more sanguine and perhaps less modest. I pity from the bottom of my heart that Board of Distributors whose duty it will be to allot the prizes. Think of the heartburnings, the expectations, the rivalries, which in countless breasts they must needs excite and cannot allay! Dr. Nobel's bequest will, at all events, settle the question of the endowment of research. In a year or two we shall be able to judge whether these enormous prizes stimulate the intelligence or only become the objects of jealousy and intrigue. In the meantime, one sees but little occasion for satire in the matter. The bequest is too magnificent; the intention, however mistaken, too well meant; the objects to be attained too wide and worthy.

Whatever may be said against our American cousins, no one can accuse them, in these international copy-right days at all events, of ignoring the claims of Literature. They do not even consider that eminence as a writer disqualifies a man from political or diplomatic appointments. Such have been among us, are now, and will be sent to us again, as Ambassadors and Consuls. Nor do the people of the United States confine themselves to doing honour to their own men of letters only. In no other country—by no means excepting his own—is the English author treated with such hospitality and welcome as in the United States. Even in the least cultured portion of them high respect is paid to such persons. A few years ago one of our distinguished men of science was charmed with an unexpected compliment paid him by an agricultural State. "We have no academic distinction," said its spokesman; "to offer you, but we have named our prize bull after you this year." Only the other day whole streets of a new city were named after a popular author, even to his Christian names; a thoroughness, strange to say, only rivalled in the neighbourhood of the Strand, where centuries ago, out of respect for the then landlord, the Duke of Buckingham, four streets were named after that title (two of them "The" and "Of"). Attempts to rival America in its appreciation of living writers cannot be said to have failed in this country, because they have never been made. In Germany a beginning appears to have been made which cannot be pronounced a success. A cheesemonger chose for a trade-mark for one of his most odoriferous cheeses the name of the most popular of dialect poets, Fritz Reuter, and the angry bard brought an action against him to restrain him from so doing. He said it would make his name stink in the nostrils of his readers, and was derogatory both to himself and the muse. The law has, however, decided against him. It was probably argued that the cheese gave him two strings to his bow, a double chance of immortality; and indeed there are very few of our poets whose names we either recognise or revere as we do Stilton. Personally, since it seems Herr Reuter was a dialect poet, I confess I have little sympathy with him, though if he is to be put outside the shops and sniffed at by dogs, as sometimes happens, his case is hard.

The case of the poor fellow killed by an elephant in Sanger's Circus has had many precedents. The fact is, the elephant is in more than one sense the greatest problem of the animal world. Bold as a lion, as easily frightened as a child, tender as a woman, merciless as a savage, affectionate yet malicious, subject to gusts of fury which

in no way interfere with nursing a cruel revenge for years, this intelligent creature is an anomaly without a rival. These various attributes, rarely all experienced by the same individual, have divided those familiar with him into partisans or opponents. Two eminent English authors have given their views of his character. In "My Lord the Elephant" and "Moti Gug, Mutineer," we learn what Rudyard Kipling, a personal acquaintance of "the huge earth-shaking beast," thinks of him: it is a most graphic and interesting description, but we "get no forrarder" for it as regards his motives. Another novelist, with less opportunities for observation, but apt to make use of them to the best advantage, has written a terrible indictment against the creature. You may read it in his "Jack of all Trades," in which the heroine is Mademoiselle Djek, a performing elephant of great gentleness and docility, whom everybody (till she kills them) acknowledges to be the most attractive of her race. Her exhibitor—who was not, however, her keeper—attributed her good temper to the usual causes: gratitude for kindness and lumps of sugar; but neither he nor his proprietor was on easy terms with her, though her groom and body-servant slept at her feet every night, as often drunk as sober. One day this man saves the manager, whom she lays hold of with her trunk, "wanting to caress him, but underrating her strength"; but he could not save the stable-boy, whom she suddenly knocks down, boring two frightful holes in his skull. Eventually it turns out that she detests everybody except her groom, who takes care to pitch into her daily with a hayfork. It is a gruesome story, not at all like those which are generally bound up with "Anecdotes of Instinct," but it has truth for its foundation.

Improvement in manners in any class is a matter of congratulation, and one burglar, at all events, has begun the year in a very commendable way. Failing to break open a safe in a commercial establishment at Bristol, he lit a fire, made some tea, opened a box of excellent cigars, and passed the last hours of 1896 in quiet conviviality. Then, borrowing the office paper, he wrote a polite letter to the proprietor, thanking him for his hospitality and wishing him a Happy New Year! One cannot, unhappily, teach men to be honest, but we can teach them that it is an advantage not to be brutal. It is only a few cultured persons who unite with pleasant manners a disposition to be cruel. The worst of all criminals is the ill-conditioned cur who is morose even in his hours of ease: there is no means of conciliating him except with the cat-o'-nine-tails. But not only when the enterprising burglar is not burgling, but even when he is, there is no necessity for him to be a Bill Sikes. If he could be got to understand this, there would be a great improvement in our mutual relations. He derives no benefit from frightening people into fits, but the contrary: there is no one so resolute to prosecute and exact punishment to the uttermost as the victim who has been scared as well as robbed. Let the cracksmen do his spitting, if not with the grace of Ariel, with the geniality of Charley Bates, and it will be better for him and for us. There are no better judges (of human nature) than (1) those who always inflict corporal punishment on those who have added violence to crime, and (2) those who, when there is a difference of misconduct, are lenient to "the gentler of the two ruffians." Without being so optimistic as to believe that there is "good in everybody," one may be sure that the burglar who drank the health of his involuntary host, and wished him luck upon New Year's Eve, had some good points about him. There is a grim humour often associated with brutality, but this is geniality, which is quite another thing.

Mr. Cayley has got his verdict and also a hundred pounds out of Mr. Labouchere, which is good payment for a short story. The trial is an interesting one to magazine contributors, though nothing decisive as to where coincidence becomes plagiarism, or plagiarism what the wise do call "convey," has come of it. We are afraid that, on the whole, the result will not be beneficial. It will give the ungodly occasion to blaspheme as to the possibility of any story being original. One eminent novelist, though, it must be admitted, not remarkable for his "plots," has written—whether out of consciousness of failure in this respect, or from pure "cussedness"—that "all the stories have been told." Another, who is also a scholar, a philologist, an antiquarian, and a number of other things, asserts that there never were more than fifty stories in the world, and most of those unfit for publication. These, however, are extreme views. Several novels have been written within the last half-century the plots of which are absolutely original, or rather were so at the time of their appearance. They may have happened in real life since then, but there is no court of law that can "restrain" Nature from breach of copyright. Nevertheless, considering the number of novels, and still more of short stories, that are constantly being published, originality is not to be hoped for. The most that can be expected is that there should be no intentional plagiarism. What honest story-tellers should be on their guard against is the taking a story at second hand from a friend who "was told it by some fellow or other, as having happened to himself, don't you know": this species of informant has really read it somewhere, but confused it with some *viva voce* communication.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

The Duke of Connaught, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, took part on Saturday in the Lord Mayor's meeting at the Mansion House to promote the relief fund for the Indian famine. Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, stated that the area supposed to be affected by famine was of the extent of 164,000 square miles, with a population of thirty-six millions, while a further extent of equal size, inhabited by forty-four millions, suffered what might be called scarcity, insufficient food to maintain health. There were 1,200,000 people on the Government relief works, of whom 250,000 received gratuitous relief, upon which the Government spent over 100,000 rupees daily. This would increase until the harvesting of the spring crops, and he would not be surprised if the Government had to maintain three millions of people. Lord Hobhouse, the Right Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P., and several well-known City men, spoke to the resolutions at this meeting.

The subscriptions to the Mansion House Fund include grants of £1000 from the Bank of England, £1000 from the Corporation of the City, £1000 from the Goldsmiths' Company; and gifts of £2000 from Mr. W. W. Astor, £1000 from Colonel Raymond Paley, from Messrs. W. D. Wills and Co., from Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co., and from Mr. James Nourse. The Stock Exchange in one day subscribed £10,000. At the Calcutta meeting held on Jan. 14, the Viceroy of India, Lord Elgin, presided. Speeches were made by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir A. Mackenzie, several native gentlemen of high rank, and the Bishop of Calcutta.

THE
PLAGUE AT
BOMBAY:
POONA.

Some of the fugitives from Bombay, in terror of the plague, have gone to Poona, a large city of the mainland, distant from Bombay nearly a hundred and twenty miles, with a population of 90,000, mostly of the Mahatta race, but with many European residents, Poona being a Government station, enjoying a salubrious and a agreeable climate, and easily accessible from Bombay by railway. It is not likely that the plague will spread there, for the native part

of the town is not overcrowded, the streets are wide, and the water, supplied by the works constructed at the expense of the late Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, is of good quality. Poona stands on the elevated Deccan table-land beyond the mountain range of the Ghauts, in a treeless plain, at the confluence of the Muta with the Mula River, where a fine bridge was built some twenty years ago. As the former capital of the Peishwas, renowned warrior chiefs who asserted, in the eighteenth century, their independence against the Mogul Empire, it is a place of some note in Indian history, and there are several famous battlefields in its neighbourhood. Among the conspicuous public edifices at Poona may be noticed the Council Hall, the Sassoon Hospital, the Jews' Synagogue, built by David Sassoon, St. Paul's Church and St. Mary's, and the Engineering College. On the hill of Parbati, south of the town, is the grand temple dedicated to the goddess of that name, the wife of Siva. Government House is at Gunesh Khund, a short drive from Poona.

HINDUS BURNING THEIR DEAD.

The Mohammedans bury, but the Hindus burn their dead. Some Yogis, or Hindu ascetics, are buried. When the burning-place is on the banks of the Ganges the ashes are all thrown into the river; when at a distance from the sacred stream a small quantity of the ashes is preserved, and these are sent by some of the many pilgrims who go every year to Hurdwar, on the Ganges, where they are thrown in. To consume a full-grown man the pile of wood is generally about the length of the body, about two or three feet high and about the same in width. The corpse is laid on the top, with a sheet covering part of it. The eldest son goes three times round the pyre with the light in his

hand before he applies it. The combustion usually goes on most rapidly about the middle of the pile, and when that is well consumed the attendants, who have poles, gather the fragments into a heap until the whole is reduced to ashes. Formerly the poor people who could not buy enough wood to consume the body burnt a few sticks that they collected; and, when that was done, the corpse was thrown into the river and went floating down, accompanied by carrion birds of all kinds. Wealthy people add pieces of sandal-wood to the heap to give a perfume, as well as various scents, and oil or ghee to increase the combustion.

THE BENIN DISASTER.

No time has been lost in the despatch of an expedition which is to avenge the massacre of the European officers and civilians at Benin; and all preparations were so far advanced even by Saturday last that Mr. R. D. Moor, Consul-General of the Niger Coast Protectorate, who sailed from Liverpool in the *Bathurst* on that day, together with a number of officers and others connected with the punitive expedition, was able to anticipate with some measure of confidence that the King of Benin may have received his lesson from British arms before the third week of February is over. Her Majesty's cruisers *Theseus* and *Forte* have sailed for Gibraltar on their way to the Niger coast, and the new hospital-ship *Malacca* is to sail to-morrow with upwards of two hundred blue-jackets on board, together with eight naval surgeons and several nurses. This medical staff is to be reinforced by

still quite a young man, having left Cambridge just ten years ago. Captain A. J. Maling, another of the victims whose portrait is here reproduced, was a son of Captain Maling, of Burgess Hill, Sussex. Dr. Elliott, who was the medical officer of the expedition, was an Irishman, a son of Mr. William Elliott, of Strabane, well known as a merchant. Mr. Thomas Gordon, one of the two civilians of the hapless party, was the representative of the African Association at Sapele. Our special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, says: "Among my fellow passengers to the West Coast last year was poor Gordon. He used often to talk of the country we were going to, and he mentioned this very expedition. At the time I hardly gave a thought to his vivid description of Benin and its surroundings; but this expedition, from what he told me, had evidently been talked about for some time previously."

Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce Hamilton, of the East Yorkshire Regiment, one of the officers of the punitive expedition, knows something of military operations in Africa. He was in the Afghan War of 1879, and two years later acted as aide-de-camp to the Commanding Officer in the Transvaal. A year ago he was serving on the Ashanti Expedition. Dr. Roth is one of the medical officers of the punitive force.

THE AMERICAN ARBITRATION TREATY.

The announcement, which we noticed last week, that the treaty between the United States Government and the Government of her Majesty Queen Victoria, providing for

the reference of all disputes in future between them to arbitrators chosen on each side, has been received with general satisfaction, not only in England, but in other countries of Europe. Great credit is due to Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador at Washington, and to Mr. Richard Olney, Secretary of State to the Government of President Grover Cleveland, for the tact and discretion, but especially for the mutual goodwill and frank sincerity with which they conducted these negotiations. It is not yet certain, however, that the treaty will be confirmed by the majority of votes in the Senate of the United States; and in the event of its rejection, the Government to be formed early in March by President McKinley, with Mr. Sherman for his Secretary of State, would not be likely to take up a similar project

with an equally conciliatory disposition. This prospect, though its disappointing realisation may still be averted by wise and prudent counsels in the Senate, has already excited much uneasiness among American commercial men and moneyed citizens. The arbitrators who would be appointed, on the one side three Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, on the other side three judicial members of her Majesty's Privy Council, with a reference of any points of difference in the matter of procedure to the King of Sweden and Norway, cannot fairly be objected to.

THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL
AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Sombre-looking as it always is, and ought to be, the Mansion House becomes very light-hearted at times, for it is nothing if not catholic, as befits the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Thus when you entered it on Monday evening, Jan. 18, you were confronted by doors bearing the melancholy words, "The Indian Famine Fund"; while beyond the Lord Mayor's palace was converted into a vast fairy ball-room, where little Londoners of every size and age danced merrily to their hearts' content. Their costumes showed taste as catholic as the Mansion House itself. Fact, fairy tale, and fiction had been ransacked to fill the wardrobe. Sir Joseph Porter, of "H.M.S. Pinafore," and Cupid footed it as if they were absolutely real. Mary Queen of Scots seemed at home with a cowboy, and Dick Turpin escorted a hospital nurse, which showed that posterity had not been wrong in insisting on his goodness of heart. His youthful subjects will long remember the Lord Mayor's ball of 1897.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

DR. ROTH,

One of the Members of the Punitive Expedition.



Photo J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

CAPTAIN A. J. MALING,

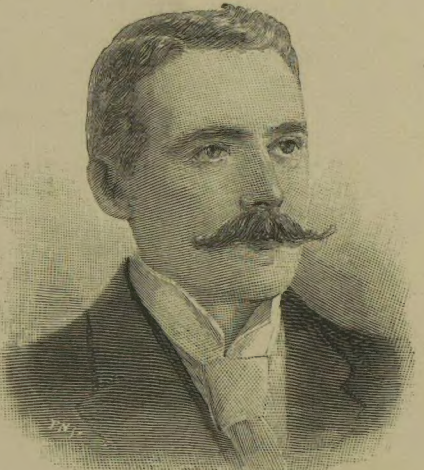
One of the Victims.



Photo Medington, Liverpool.

MR. THOMAS GORDON,

One of the Victims.



DR. R. H. ELLIOTT,

One of the Victims.



Photo Fripp, Capetown.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BRUCE HAMILTON,

An Officer of the Punitive Expedition.



Photo Hollis, Barrow-in-Furness.

MR. J. R. PHILLIPS,

One of the Victims.

THE BENIN DISASTER.

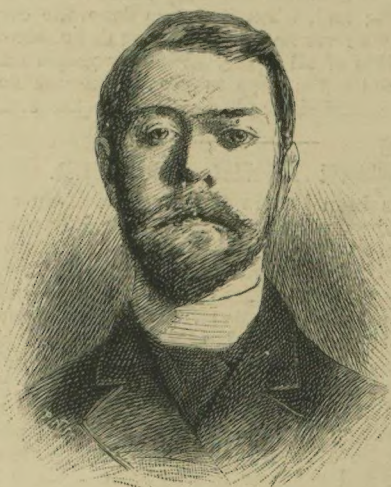
some two dozen trained attendants from Haslar. Meanwhile H.M.S. *Philomel* was expected to arrive at Brass from Loanda on Wednesday last and the flag-ship of the Cape squadron, H.M.S. *St. George*, has also sailed for the West Coast. The exact numbers of the military force are not known yet, but the Niger Coast Protectorate troops will probably be reinforced by a further contingent of Houssa Constabulary and by troops of the West India Regiment stationed at Sierra Leone. Rear-Admiral Rawson, C.B., Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa Station, will be in command of the expedition.

On other pages of this issue we give sundry Illustrations of scenes in the Niger Coast Protectorate, together with some account of the Benin natives and their neighbours, and we here reproduce portraits of several of the men connected with the disaster, members of the ill-fated expedition, and officers who have now set forth as ministers of a just punishment. Since our last issue appeared, the glad tidings of the escape of Captain Boisragon and Mr. Ralph Locke, the District Commissioner, wounded but safe, after six days of flight through the bush, raised momentary hopes that some of the other members of the party might be still alive; but the two survivors have now reported the tragic fate of all their comrades.

Mr. J. R. Phillips, who was in charge of the expedition, was Acting Consul-General during the absence in England of Mr. Ralph Moor. He was an old Uppingham boy, and a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was appointed Sheriff of the Gold Coast a few years ago, and in 1891 was made overseer of prisons. In the following year he became Acting Queen's Advocate. This succession of important appointments forms in itself a tribute to his abilities, for he was

ROYAL ACADEMY HONOURS.

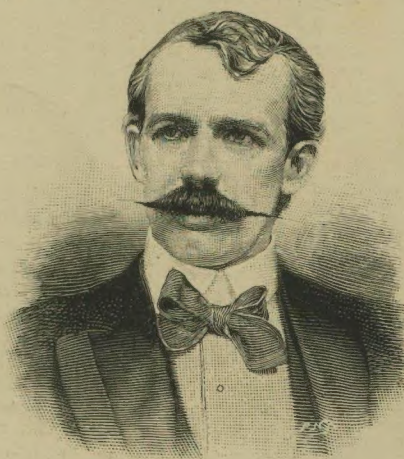
The first General Assembly of the Royal Academy under the new President is of good augury. The conservative traditions which have for so long hampered the election of both Academicians and Associates seem to have been broken through, and the younger men have made their influence felt. No better selection could have been made for the higher distinction than that of Mr. Sargent, whose services to art, if not wholly reserved for this country, have been sufficiently conspicuous. Of American parents, born in Italy, and trained in France, Mr. Sargent is a citizen of the world, and the Royal Academy from the days of its foundation has always shown a readiness to such as, whatever their nationality, were willing to assist in raising the standard of British art. West, Bartolozzi, Louthenbourg, in the past—to cite the names of only a few foreigners who have been admitted to full membership—bear witness to the liberal spirit which has presided over the selection of candidates who had pitched their studios in this hospitable country. Mr. Sargent, who has but lately passed his fortieth birthday, is the son of a Boston physician long resident in Florence. As a young man he studied under Carolus Duran in Paris for a time, and won his way into the front rank of modern portrait-painters within a remarkably short distance from his student days. It is now ten years since the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest purchased his "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose," and for some time past he has enjoyed a



MR. JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R.A.
A Sketch from Life.



MR. ALFRED PARSONS, A.R.A.
From a Photograph by Mr. J. H. Rolter.



MR. J. J. SHANNON, A.R.A.
From a Photograph by Hughes, Peterborough Road, Fulham.

considerable reputation in Paris, where his fine portrait of "La Carmencita" was purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery after exhibition in the Salon. Mr. Sargent became an Associate three years ago.

The two new Associates, Mr. Alfred Parsons and Mr. J. J. Shannon, are also distinct acquisitions to the Royal Academy, especially as they respectively represent fairly well the tendencies of landscape and portrait painting of the present day. In the work of both there is an obvious desire for effect rather than a scrupulous regard for methods. Mr. Parsons' rendering of the brightness of spring—of the joy of life as it returns to the fields and trees after the sleep of winter—is not less expressive of the art of to-day than Mr. Shannon's eager and assertive portraiture of women. There is an unrestfulness in the work of both painters, but one feels that it is essentially characteristic of the times in which we live; and however much one may deprecate its dangers, we cannot but recognise its reality, in life as well as in art. Mr. Shannon is another American artist, but Mr. Parsons is an Englishman, although the amount of his illustrative work which has first seen the light in American publications has contributed to an erroneous impression that he is a citizen of the United States. He is the son of a well-known West Country doctor, and began life as a Civil Servant. By a curious coincidence it is just ten years, as in the case of the new Academician, Mr. Sargent, since he won the favour of the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest with his picture, "When Nature Painted All Things Grey."

THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIAN AND ASSOCIATES.



THE PLAGUE IN INDIA: A HINDU BURNING-GROUND FOR VICTIMS.

Drawn by William Simpson, R.I.



THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION TREATY:
THE SIGNATORIES, SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR, AND THE HON. RICHARD OLNEY, AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE.

Drawn by S. Begg.

PERSONAL.

Monday this week was the last evening of the days on which Cabinet Ministers and leaders of the Opposition can dine in peace out of the din of division-bells. They took the opportunity, therefore, and dined in friendly groups, according to the custom on the eve of the meeting of Parliament. Six Dukes sat at Lord Salisbury's board, a number which beats the record, and which included the Duke of Cambridge, who, free from official cares, feels at liberty to range himself at last as the member of a party.

Few and mild have been the humours of the recess; but Sir Wilfrid Lawson returns to Westminster with some verses in his pocket for the merriment of his friends. In a Yorkshire town the licensed victuallers have been invited to provide a stall at a bazaar in aid of denominational schools; hence Sir Wilfrid Lawson's lay—

There shall the youthful mind be taught
On proper lines to think;
And there by sure degrees be brought
To learn the worth of drink.

Henceforth no one need deny to Sir Wilfrid the name of a poet of the imagination.

Mr. Edmund Widdrington Byrne, who has been appointed to fill the judgeship in the Chancery Division

left vacant by the promotion of Mr. Justice Chitty to the Court of Appeal, has long held a high reputation at the Bar, and follows his predecessor appropriately enough, having practised in Mr. Justice Chitty's Court, and held the position of its leader. That particular Court, however, will



Photo Sims, Walthamstow.
MR. JUSTICE BYRNE.

know him no more, for as a Judge he is to preside over the actions formerly taken by Mr. Justice Romer. The new Judge is a son of a London solicitor, and is now in his fifty-third year. He is a King's College man, and was called to the Bar just thirty years ago. He became a Queen's Counsel before he was forty, and a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn four years later. At the General Election of 1895 he was returned to Parliament for Walthamstow, in the Unionist interest, by a majority of more than two thousand. In the bye-election which now becomes necessary for the return of his successor, the Radicals, it is understood, intend to make a good fight.

Lady Bowen, whose serious illness has been announced, is the sister of Lord Rendel, the great friend and frequent host of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rendel has been staying in town this week, in faithful attendance on his sister, whose health has long been failing, and who never recovered the shock of her husband's death. Lady Rendel has had one boast rare among women—that she was the wife and sister of men who won English peerages.

Mr. George Lane-Fox, the Vice-Chancellor of the Primrose League, who by his secession to the Roman Catholic Church lost the inheritance of his father's broad lands in Yorkshire, has not, however, been cut off with the traditional shilling, so far as mere money goes, in his father's will. On the contrary, the property, which passes to the Vice-Chancellor's younger brother, is charged to the extent of £47,000 on the elder brother's behalf.

The death of Mr. Agostino Gatti removes one of two brothers who together have deserved well of the London

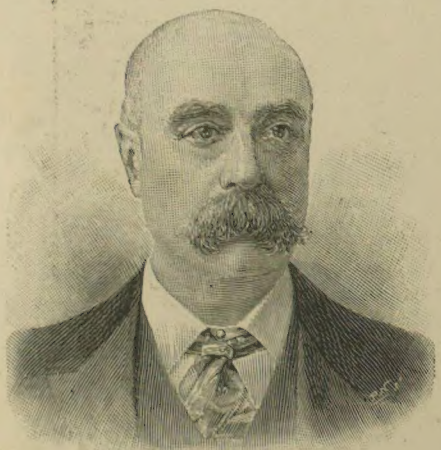


Photo Ellis, Upper Baker Street.
THE LATE MR. AGOSTINO GATTI.

public alike as pioneers of the popular restaurant and as purveyors of a certain homely type of dramatic fare. These two men, so well known as A. and S. Gatti, are of Swiss-Italian origin, but have now been naturalised English citizens for many a long day. Their father came over to this country and set up an ice-cream and refreshment shop on the site of what is now the Charing Cross Music-hall. His business flourished, and, after his death, was considerably enlarged by the sons, who eventually took the premises in the Strand now so closely identified with their names. Their success led them to speculate in theatrical management, first at Covent Garden, with concerts and pantomimes, and subsequently at the Adelphi Theatre, where they gauged the taste of a certain section of the playgoing public so accurately that they made a second fortune, and practically created the modern school of melodrama. Their many successful productions have become household words, and as such require no enumeration.

The Earl of Kimberley was on Monday last unanimously elected to the leadership of the Liberal peers in the House of Lords, in succession to Lord Rosebery, whose resignation was the topic of the hour not long since. Lord Kimberley is by no means a stranger to the position, for he held it under Mr. Gladstone's last Government. The new leader, who is now in his seventieth year, has had a remarkably long experience of



Photo London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street.
THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY, K.G.

political life, for he first became a Minister when but twenty-five years old, being at that early age appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a post which he held again in 1858, in Lord Palmerston's second Administration, after spending two years in Russia as Envoy Extraordinary. He has since been successively Envoy on the Schleswig-Holstein question, Under-Secretary for India, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Privy Seal, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Secretary of State for India. Under Lord Rosebery's Government he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Funerals are said to open the grave to many of the living who attend them. Over and over again they have been the occasion of chills which ended in the chills of death. Another and opposite danger becomes more and more deserving of note with the growth of ritual observances preceding the public burial rites. It is common enough now in England to burn candles round the coffin before it is taken from the house of the dead; and the precautions necessary on such occasions are illustrated by the fire which destroyed the villa of Prince Albert of Waldeck-Pyrmont the other day while his body was being committed to the grave. The candles had been left burning near some drapery, which caught fire, and nearly cost the Princess her life.

To Mr. Alfred E. Pease has fallen the curious, though not unique, experience of finding himself returned to Parliament

by a majority of 1428 in the Radical interest for the Cleveland Division of Yorkshire while he himself has been travelling in so distant a region as Somaliland. Sir Frank Evans, it may be remembered, returned from America to learn on landing that Southampton's choice, stimulated by the spirited efforts of his wife, had elected him to represent its borough. Mr. Alfred Pease is the eldest son of Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, Bart., who sits for the Barnard Castle Division of Durham. The new member was born forty years ago, and is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. He is a partner or director in several of the great business houses which bear the family name. He has twice been returned for York City, but was defeated for the second time at the last General Election.

The shapely cup which is here reproduced has been presented by the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, to the South African Wimbledon Association, as a prize for competition among the marksmen of Cape Colony. It is the handiwork of Messrs. Mappin and Webb.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN WIMBLEDON ASSOCIATION CUP.

England is a paradise for fishermen—at any rate, in the minds of their brothers over the Border. Among the questions put to the Hon. C. M. Ramsay during his candidature in Forfarshire was this: "In England fishermen could catch salmon wherever they like; would he support an equal privilege for Scotsmen?" "I would give the same facilities in Scotland as in England," was the candidate's prudent reply, and the people cheered. Thus encouraged, a fisherman asked: "Would you give

Scotland the same privilege as England, where the fishermen get one pound of tobacco every month?" But the most obliging candidate could not quite promise that.

The development in tyres from the old iron-rimmed "bone shaker" wheel to the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre might well form the subject of an interesting treatise on wheel locomotion. A great stride was made when solid rubber fixed on the spider wheel replaced the metal tyre. The cushion or hollow rubber tyre soon followed, and then the air-inflated tyre made cycling justly popular, and cycle-making a very important industry. But one improvement treads upon another's heels, and the latest comer bids fair to effect as great a revolution in cycling as did the Dunlop patents. This improvement, known as "Bianard's Patent Tyre-making Machine," goes a long way towards bringing pneumatic tyres within the reach of all. The machine makes over 3000 tyres per day of the highest quality; it does, in a word, the work of about 150 qualified men. The tyre it now makes is known as the single tube tyre, and is said to be more resilient, faster, and less liable to slip than any double tube tyre. It is very difficult to puncture, and when punctured it is easy to repair.

Sir Travers Twiss, who died last week at the advanced age of eighty-seven, was for many years a prominent figure in the life of his generation, in whose annals his name would, in all probability, have been writ yet larger than it is but for his untimely withdrawal from public life a quarter of a century ago. As it is, he will long be remembered as a jurist of European reputation.



Photo Terrasse, Brussels.
THE LATE SIR TRAVERS TWISS, Q.C., F.R.S.

The son of a Denbighshire clergyman, he was a contemporary of Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, where he took a distinguished degree and became a Fellow and Tutor of University College, Professor of Political Economy, and Regius Professor of Civil Law. His legal career was equally brilliant. Called to the Bar in 1840, he was appointed Commissioner-General of the Province of Canterbury nine years later, and Vicar-General of the Province in 1852. Thereafter he became successively Chancellor of the Diocese of London, Advocate-General of the Admiralty, Queen's Counsel, and Queen's Advocate-General. On the occasion of his attainment of the last-named dignity in 1867 he received the further honour of knighthood. In those days no important Commission was considered complete without him, and he was the personal friend and judicial adviser of some of the leading men of the time, among them the Emperor of Austria, the King of the Belgians, Lord Palmerston, and Prince Metternich. His elevation to the Bench or to all but the highest honours of the State was considered a foregone conclusion, but in 1872, with the general sympathy, he suddenly resigned all his public appointments after the peculiarly painful trial provoked by the publication of libellous charges against his wife, Lady Twiss. Thenceforth he led an extremely retired life, devoting his energies chiefly to the writing of his many important contributions to the literature of International Law and other branches of legal science.

The Church of England in general and the Welsh branch of it in particular has lost a zealous and scholarly prelate by the death of

Dr. Basil Jones, Bishop of St. Davids. The late Bishop was not, perhaps, widely known beyond his own diocese, but during the twenty-three years of his episcopate he endeared himself to his own people as only a Welsh-speaking Welshman could ever hope to do. When he passed from the Archdeaconry of York to St. Davids as successor to Bishop Thirlwall he had already for some eighteen years ranked as one of the chief historians of the See by virtue of his volume on "The History and Antiquities of St. Davids," while his "Vestiges of the Gael in Gwynedd" had given him a distinctive place among Welsh scholars. His editions of classical authors were well known to the scholar of a former day, but his most important work was his study of "English Monastic Life," written in collaboration with the late Professor Freeman, his contemporary and close friend at Oxford, where both were Fellows of Trinity College. Dr. Jones was one of the assessors in the Bishop of Lincoln's trial.

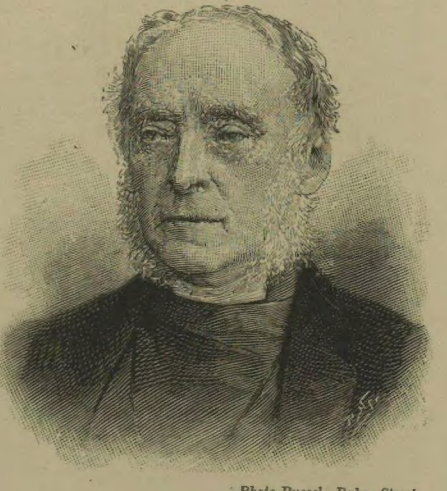


Photo Russel, Baker Street.
THE LATE BISHOP OF ST. DAVIDS.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, was visited on Saturday by Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, and the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg with her daughter. The Bishop of Winchester was a guest of her Majesty on Sunday, and the Rev. Clement Smith, Rector of Whippingham, with Mrs. Smith, dined at Osborne on Saturday. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived on Tuesday. Mr. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, was a guest of the Queen from Thursday evening, Jan. 14, for a day or two. Lord Rowton was also her Majesty's guest. The Queen will go to Cimiez, Nice, about March 10 or March 11.

The Prince of Wales rejoined his family at Sandringham on Jan. 12, and on Thursday, the fifth anniversary of the death of his eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, there was a memorial service, attended by all the family, in Sandringham Church; wreaths and flowers were sent to adorn the tomb in the Albert Chapel at Windsor.

The new Bishop of London, the Right Rev. Dr. Mandell Creighton, had his election confirmed at Bow Church, Cheapside, by the Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Canterbury, on Jan. 15. On Monday at Osborne he was presented to the Queen by Sir M. W. Ridley, the Home Secretary. It is expected that he will be appointed Dean of the Chapel Royal.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Dr. Frederick Temple, late Bishop of London, on Monday bade farewell to the Lord Mayor and Corporation at Guildhall, and to the clergy of the diocese of London, represented by Archdeacon Sinclair and by Dean Gregory for the Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral. His Grace received numerous addresses from Church religious and charitable societies.

Mr. Gladstone intends to go to Cannes about Jan. 26.

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, with the Incorporated Association of Head Masters, who held their annual meeting on Jan. 14 at Christ's Hospital, was entertained at dinner by the Drapers' Company. He said that Government had not yet considered the Bill for regulating and improving secondary education, but when Parliament was invited to deal with that measure it would be found much in agreement with the Report of the Royal Commission and that of Professor Jebb's Joint Committee.

The Report of the Council of the Head Masters' Association, presented on the same day, stated that teachers and official administrators were coming to a mutual understanding about the organisation of local authorities upon a representative system. A careful scheme for adjusting the relative values of examinations, University local and entrance, Civil Service, and Science and Art, had been prepared; and, with regard to science teaching, it was recommended that elementary instruction in physics and in chemistry, with practical work in both, should be considered essential, to which the Universities had agreed.

The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, in distributing prizes at the Birkbeck Institute, where the Lord Mayor presided on Jan. 14, spoke with much commendation of the educational benefits derived from that

institution since it was founded in 1823, with no endowments, with no private donations, and with grants only of £1000 to £1200 a year from the City Parochial Trustees, the County Council, and the Science and Art Department of Government while the fees paid by students were extremely moderate.

The Postmaster-General's Department has made new regulations, to begin from Feb. 1, with regard to the size of book packets and newspaper packets (enlarging the former and reducing the latter), unpaid post-cards, the commission on money-orders (reduced), and two or three minor details in favour of the public.

The Report of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade for December last shows a decided improvement

compared with December 1895 in the coal, iron and steel, engineering, and shipbuilding trades, with an upward tendency of wages, but there has been some falling off in the textile and clothing trades. The percentage of unemployed members of trade unions is less than in any December of the last six or seven years.

A scheme for raising £10,000 as an addition to the Wesleyan Methodists' Fund in aid of Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes, to provide a special memorial of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign, was advocated on Jan. 13 at a meeting held in the United Service Institution, Sir George Chubb presiding; Lord Chelmsford and Major-General Lord Methuen spoke at this meeting, and Lord Wolseley wrote a letter commending the proposal.

A ferry-boat on the river Usk at Monmouth, where a party of labourers employed in constructing the new dry dock were crossing on Monday evening, was sunk by the swell from a passing steam-tug, and seven of the men were drowned.

The Indian troop-ship *Warren Hastings*, with 1232 men on board, including the ship's officers and crew, was wrecked on Jan. 14 on a sandbank south of Réunion Island, in the Indian Ocean. All the crew, soldiers, and officers were saved, but with loss of their baggage.

At the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, on Monday, the trial of Edward Ivory, alias Edward Bell, one of the accomplices of Tynan, "Number One," Haines, and Kearney, the Fenian conspirators from New York, in the alleged dynamite conspiracy at Antwerp, was commenced. This prisoner was arrested at Glasgow about the time of the Czar's visit to Balmoral.

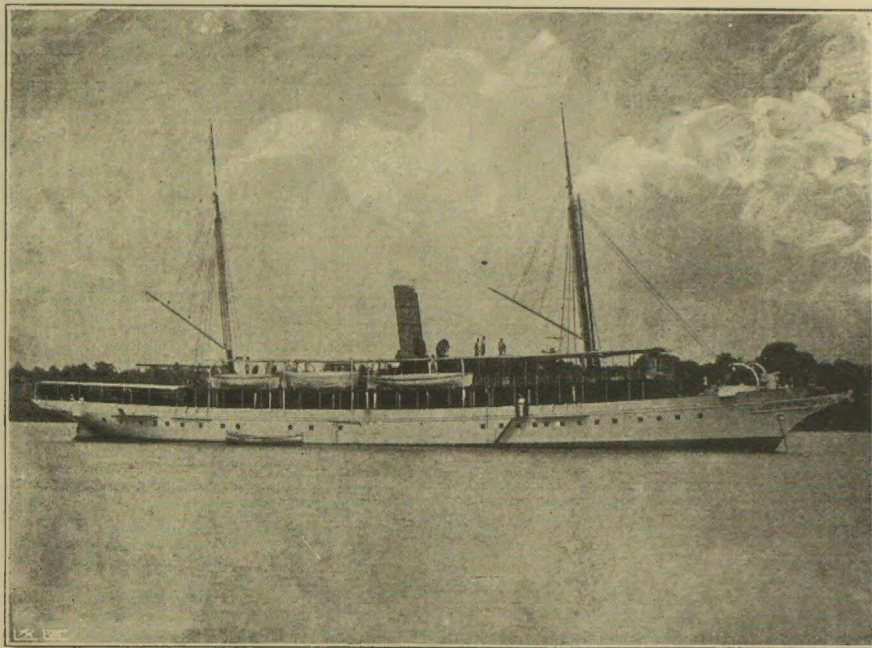
Foreign political affairs do not present any new topic of remark, except the appointment of Count Michael Muravieff to be Director of that Department in the Russian Empire; the Czar Nicholas II. not seeming inclined to appoint a successor to the late Foreign Minister, Prince Lobanoff.

In France the Senate and Chamber are again sitting, but little has taken place beyond a debate on the stricter regulation of nominations to the Legion of Honour.

In spite of the very positive statements of the American newspapers, there seems to be no truth in the report that the Government of Spain has accepted proposals or recom-

THE STEAM-YACHT "IVY."

The steam-yacht *Ivy*, which carried the hapless expedition up the river Benue, belongs to the Niger Coast Protectorate, for which she was built by Messrs. Earle's Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, of Hull. She was handed over to the Protectorate in less than a year from the time of commencement, and arrived on the coast last November. She is a fine vessel, and admirably adapted for the service



THE BENUE DISASTER: THE STEAM-SHIP "IVY," WHICH CARRIED THE EXPEDITION UP THE RIVER BENUE.

for which she has been built. Her ordinary speed of ten knots can be increased without effort to thirteen knots or more. She is very roomy, an excellent sea-boat, with plenty of accommodation for her officers and crew, besides ten spare cabins and a large troop-deck for the transport of military, and can carry about five hundred native soldiers.

THE BATTENBERG MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

The anniversary of the lamented death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, Jan. 20, was commemorated in Whippingham Church with a solemn service which was attended by the Queen, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg, Prince Henry's sister, and other royal mourners. The chapel which has been arranged as a memorial of Prince Henry was dedicated in the course of the service. The altar in this beautiful little sanctuary is not yet completed, but the photograph which we reproduce shows the design of the screen which has been erected to enclose the chapel.

PARLIAMENT.

The circumstance which distinguishes the opening of the new Session of Parliament is the surprising lightness of the Queen's Speech. That document is usually loaded with Bills which the Government of the day sets forth for the purpose of exhibiting excellent intentions. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have departed from this precedent. The promises of the Queen's Speech are such as really have a reasonable probability of being fulfilled. True, Major Rasch is sceptical. He says that no legislative programme can be carried out unless speeches in the House of Commons are severely limited. This thorny question of procedure has no attraction for her Majesty's present advisers, but they show marked discretion in the very forefront of their plan of battle. The new Education Bill is "to secure the maintenance of Voluntary schools"; in other words, it is to be a financial measure, and will not cover the very wide field of controversy in which the Bill of last year came to grief. "If time permits, you will be invited to consider further proposals for educational legislation." It may be taken for granted that time will not permit. Employers' liability, military works, and a Board of Agriculture for Ireland, are the most conspicuous of the remaining subjects to which Parliament will address its legislative energies this year. Not an heroic list, but much more practical than most of its predecessors. The Queen's Speech dwelt more forcibly on foreign than on domestic affairs. The virtual settlement of the Venezuela dispute and the actual framing of a general treaty of arbitration between England and America are matters of most hearty and legitimate satisfaction to the Government and the nation. In the debate on the Address Sir William Harcourt complained of the vagueness of the allusions to events in Turkey, and Mr. Balfour replied that the negotiations now in progress at Constantinople made him hopeful of a satisfactory settlement of the account between Europe and the Sultan. Mr. Gibson Bowles, fresh from the Bosphorus, was very gloomy about Russia. Russia, he said, did not desire Turkish reforms. The member for King's Lynn was not content with this evidence that he has returned to Westminster full of vigour. He backed Mr. James Lowther's opposition to the Sessional order which declares the interferences of peers in Parliamentary elections to be improper. This formality is usually passed without a word. But Mr. Lowther and Mr. Bowles divided the House against it on the ground that if peers ever did interfere, the House of Commons would be helpless. On this fine Constitutional point the malcontents numbered sixty-eight, and the majority 334. Mr. Balfour announced that opportunity would be given for a full discussion of the financial relations between England and Ireland.



THE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG MEMORIAL CHAPEL IN WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

Photo A. E. taken, West Coates.

mendations from the United States for conciliating the Cuban insurgents. But the Spanish Ministry appears to be now earnestly seeking plans of colonial reform, with large concessions to disaffected subjects, in Cuba and Porto Rico. Meanwhile, there has been more fighting, and Massimo Gomez declares that the Cubans will be satisfied with nothing short of complete independence.

In the Soudan a hostile movement of the Mahdist or Dervish troops towards Kassala, which town is held by an Italian garrison, is causing fresh uneasiness. In British Bechuanaland, South Africa, the revolt of a local native tribe has been suppressed by a force of armed police and volunteers and burghers, killing about forty of the rebels.



THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEXT DAY.

In the morning Captain Sellinger presented himself, making the excuses due from a gentleman. There was not much repentance in his looks, but some: he was not wholly without grace. His excuses

were not too full of self-reproach: he had not lost any self-respect, because he was certainly not more drunk than becomes a gentleman, as was shown by the fact that he could still

distinguish a lovely woman. "This," I said, "was the reason why you kissed Molly, the maid." The accident, he confessed, betrayed a momentary wandering of wits.

He owned, however, that he ought to have taken my refusal seriously and allowed me to pass. And he expressed himself as unfeignedly sorry for having caused me the least pain. In a word, he spoke as a gentleman should.

"Still, Captain Sellinger, I am pleased to think that Molly boxed your ears."

"I shall call Molly out. She must give me satisfaction. Can a man of honour sit down with ears tingling? You say that I mistook the maid for the mistress. That should be impossible in your case, Miss Nancy. I have seen maids—but enough. You say that Molly virtuously boxed my ears? Well, I cannot remember. And then, suddenly, so far as my memory serves me, who should jump out of the ground like a Jack-in-the-box, or a ghost at Drury, but the Prince of Wales himself, with his feathers on his head and a naked sword in his hand?"

"You are dreaming, Captain Sellinger."

"I suppose I am. But, Nancy, how came the Prince of Wales in St. James's Place?"

"How came he in your muddled brain? How can anyone account for tricks of imagination? Besides, there were two gentlemen, not one."

"Na—na—na—do not make me out sober. I saw two gentlemen, which is a proof that there was but one. Had there been two I should have seen four. Everybody knows so much. There was one gentleman, I tell you, not two."

After the Captain came the Corporal.

Corporal Bates, also of the Guards, but not in Captain Sellinger's company, occupied the garrets of the house with his wife and family of six little children. All day long, unless it rained, the children played in the Green Park, while their mother made and sewed for them the clothes that they wore out as fast as they could. The Corporal maintained them (but with difficulty) by teaching the art of fence, the mathematics, drawing landscapes and houses, painting in water-colours, and fine penmanship, for he was a man of many accomplishments. When he was at leisure he drew up plans of campaign, plans of sieges, observations on campaigns, and military pamphlets of all kinds, but especially

such as professed to extend the power of the country. None of these learned tracts would booksellers—who were in a league, he said, to crush merit—publish for him. All his talk was on military matters; and he lived in the constant hope (and as constant disappointment) of receiving a commission. In a word, he was a brave, loyal, honest man, who believed himself to be another Churchill, or a Turenne at least, in the art of war.

Coming off duty that morning he knocked at our door and appeared in his uniform, with a high hat, white cross belt, and long worsted epaulettes, which he played with proudly because they proclaimed his rank. To be corporal is to stand on the lowest rung of the ladder, but yet it is on the ladder.

"Ladies," he said, saluting us, "your most obedient servant. I come to offer my respects and my condolences. Truly I tear my hair to think that Fortune—cruel Fortune—forbade me the happiness which two unknown gentlemen enjoyed last night. Perhaps they were not even soldiers. I venture to hope that no evil consequences of the shock have ensued. Ha! had I been there—though he were Captain in my regiment—yet he should have seen what sword-play means. Captain or no Captain—even if I was broke for it." He looked as valiant as Mars himself, the God of War.

"Thank you, Corporal Bates," I replied. "But it was much better to have no fighting."

"As for consequences," said my cousin. "Miss Nancy did not even swoon, which proves her courage; and Molly assures me that her own appetite is unimpaired, which proves her insensibility. Yet she was kissed."

"It is my sorrow, ladies," he repeated, bringing his feet into position, "that I was not so favoured as to be on the spot. In such a case, my commission they could not choose but grant me as a reward."

"Courage, Corporal. Another occasion will perhaps present itself."

"Madam, you will perhaps go again to evening prayers. The Church bell is the ladies' call of duty: it is their revelly. I most humbly offer my services as escort. I presume not to walk beside my convoy—I will walk behind with a drawn sword and a proud heart."

Here, at least, was devotion and gratitude. One would willingly be frightened a little if only to draw forth such proof of kind hearts.

"But, Corporal, valour, even when it has no chance of proving itself, deserves reward." My cousin took from the cupboard a bottle of port and a glass. "Sir, you must be thirsty."

"In the presence of Beauty, Madam, every soldier is thirsty." I do not know what he meant by this aphorism. "I drink your health, Madam—Miss Nancy, when Virginal distress next calls for the hero's arm, may I be there to help!"

Our next visitor that day was Mr. Robert Storey, the bookseller of St. James's



He stood up and pointed to the door.

Street. He was cousin to Isabel's late husband; yet his branch of the family belonged not to the Society. He was at this time still a young man, not more than eight-and-twenty, having succeeded to his father's business two or three years before. In his dress he aimed at the outward semblance of the substantial citizen: he would be taken for one known on 'Change; therefore his coat was of black velvet, his stockings of white silk, and his buckles of silver; at his throat and wrists he wore

fine white lace; his buttons were of silver, and silver lace adorned his hat; his powdered hair was tied behind with a large black silk bow; a bunch of seals hung from his fob; a gold ring was on one finger; and he carried a gold-headed cane. He stood at the door for a moment in a studied attitude: in his right hand he held his hat over his heart; in his left he held the gold-headed cane: he brought his feet into the dancing-master's first position, that which shows the white silk stockings and the shape of a good leg to advantage. He was, in fact, a personable young man of fair stature and reasonable face, though his eyes were too close together. He bowed low, first to his cousin, and then to myself.

"Cousin Storey," he said, "your most obedient. Miss Nancy, your most humble."

Then he came in and sat down. In all his actions and all his words, Robert Storey still preserved the air of one who performs a duty properly. He now held himself upright in his chair: his legs crossed: his left hand plunged into his waistcoat, his right hand free for gesture.

His shop in Pall Mall, which we often visited, was large and filled with books: folios on the lower shelves: quartos on the middle: and octavos on the higher. It was all day filled with book collectors, poets, scholars, divines, and certain persons for whom he entertained a profound contempt, yet employed them constantly, called booksellers' hacks. They are persons, it appears, who have some tincture of learning but none of genius: they are cursed with an ardent desire to write, a desire which unfits them for any honourable employment; yet they cannot with all their efforts depict the passions, move the heart, or fire the imagination. They compile books which those who cannot distinguish treat seriously: such as essays for the magazines, at a guinea the sheet, poetry by subscription, translations of ancient poets already translated a hundred times, histories copied from better historians, travels in foreign countries (never having left their own), sermons for clergymen who cannot compose—in a word, they are hacks ready to do all kinds of work at any pay that they can get. It is needless to add that they will advocate any cause, write on any side, and—still at a guinea a sheet—would defend even the fallen angels.

Robert came often to visit us in the evening after his shop was shut. Sometimes he read to us; sometimes he spoke of the poets, who made of his shop a kind of Apollo's Walk. It must be confessed that, although he despised the tribe of hacks, he spoke always with reverence of those scholars and poets and wits whose productions lend a lustre to this age—such men, I mean, as Samuel Johnson, Dr. Warburton, Lord Lyttelton, Henry Fielding, Tobias Smollett, the Reverend Laurence Sterne, and David Garrick, if one may include a mere actor with these illustrious names.

More often, however, Robert brought us news of the great world, with anecdotes and scandals, which he produced one by one, as a child picks out plums. His shop, in fact, was a greater home for gossip and scandal than even a barber's: scholars and men of letters, I verily believe, love talking as much as women. He would deliver himself of these items slowly and with intervals: and he was fond of concluding any one, when he could, with a moral or a religious observation.

This evening, however, he had no opportunity, for my cousin instantly poured into his ears the story of my adventure. He received it with a good man's horror.

"This," he exclaimed at length, as carried away by righteous indignation, "appears to me one of the most flagitious acts ever attempted by a profligate aristocracy."

"Mr. Robert," I told him, somewhat surprised at his heat, "the Captain was overcome with drink and knew not what he did."

"Your ignorance, Miss Nancy," he replied with a smile, "enables you to undertake the defence of that bad man. The business seems to me (I am necessarily acquainted with much of the wickedness of the world) arranged beforehand: two men pretend to be drunk: they waylay a young gentlewoman: two others pretend to rescue her. The conspiracy is quite easy to carry out, if one has the wickedness to devise it and the daring to carry it through."

"That, Mr. Storey," I replied, "seems, if I may say so, nonsense, because how could they know when we should pass? Besides, the Captain was really drunk."

He shrugged his shoulders and bowed his head.

"Miss Nancy," he said, "has, I know, been already remarked. I have heard observations upon her singular beauty in my shop—from Doctors of Divinity. If these reverend persons observe the beauty of a lady, be sure that the profligate beaux and sparks of this end of town have also done the same thing. However, let us hope that the business is finished."

"On the contrary, Robert," said my cousin, "these gentlemen have expressed a desire, which does us great honour, to improve their acquaintance."

"Ay? Ay? Dear! Dear! The wickedness of this part of town is terrible: yet I have five satirists in verse and eleven in prose on my books and in my pay at this moment lashing the vices of the Great. There is also a sermon every Sunday at St. James's. Well, ladies, this is

a very serious affair. You will have to place it in my hands. Believe me, I shall do justice to the occasion."

"It seems to me," I said, "that these are two well-bred gentlemen who desire to pay their respects to ladies who are indebted to them. I cannot understand, Mr. Storey, either your heat or your charges of deceit and wickedness. Is it not better to believe that a man is honourable until he shows that he is not?"

"My dear young lady, you know nothing, believe me. And my cousin here knows little more. How can you know the kind of company into which you may be led?"

"We have at least read 'Clarissa,'" said Isabel.

"Well, Mr. Richardson knows how to teach and warn the female heart. Without raising a blush to your cheek, Miss Nancy, I cannot describe the company into which you may fall. Know, however, that these young Sprigs of Quality (if such indeed is their station) live in a world which is different indeed from our own. So much so that we cannot get into it, if we would. I thank the Lord, however, that I desire not to exchange my station for theirs. We are honest workers, they are unprofitable drones: we make wealth, they consume it: we live with measure and decorum, they without rule or order: we save, they spend; we take thought for the morrow, their morrow is assured: we live for the world to come, they for the world that is: we fear God and keep His commandments, they continue as if there were no commandments at all: we are constant in our affections, they continually mislead and deceive trusting women. Miss Nancy, seek not further acquaintance with these young men. They are so far above you, indeed, that they are infinitely below you."

The last sentence so pleased him, inasmuch as it sounded like a paradox from one of his essayists, that he repeated it. The words impressed me at the moment as anything said sonorously which one does not understand sometimes does impress a hearer—you may hear such things in church. If you think of it, however, it is a foolish thing to say, for it means that the higher is a man's rank the more corrupt does he become: in which case his Most Sacred Majesty himself—but I hesitate to write the words.

"Ladies," he went on, "it is your singular privilege, also, to belong to this same class, which is as much above the common herd as it is below the nobility. What, to you, are the attractions of fashion and of rank? These two gentlemen hope to get a footing in this house by an open and palpable trick, which they have learned from a novel of intrigue (unhappily there are such novels, but not published by me). What sort of reception should they meet? From me, if I were here, they would hear the truth." He rose and stood in an attitude of one who rebukes. "Retire," I should say, "Retire in confusion!"—he stood up and pointed to the door—"from this house of Virtue and Religion. Leave unmolested the Daughters of Innocence who adorn this house. Retire! Repent of designs conceived in wickedness, or carry those designs to places which are more fit for their attempt." These are the words, ladies—or words to this effect—which I should feel it absolutely necessary to use, on your behalf, were these gentlemen in my presence to attempt an entrance."

More he would have added, in the same elevated strain, for as a moraliser Robert Storey had no equal. But at that moment Molly came running upstairs and threw open the door, crying, without any ceremony, "Madam! Miss Nancy! The two young gentlemen are here!"

And so, her honest face grinning from ear to ear, she withdrew, and our two gallant rescuers appeared.

We all rose.

"Madam," the elder spoke, bowing first to my cousin and then to me, "we have ventured to call, in order to ask if Miss Nancy hath recovered from the shock and affright of yesterday."

"Nay, Sir," I said. "If you call that a fright which was but an affair of a moment, thanks to your courage—"

"Nancy," my cousin interposed, "was naturally indisposed at first, but with the aid of a little cherry brandy, she speedily recovered."

I hastened to present her by name. "Gentlemen, this is my cousin, Mrs. Storey, widow of the late Reuben Storey, American merchant, of Great Tower Street."

They bowed low again. "And this is Mr. Robert Storey." They inclined their heads slightly with a look of condescension—as if I had introduced Molly my maid. They were dressed as the day before, but their swords they had left outside on the landing.

We then sat down, and I waited with some trepidation for Robert's promised harangue. Alas! there would be no harangue. The poor man stood confused and terrified. His face expressed this confusion: his hands hung stupidly: his stiffness and resolution had gone out of him. Where was the proper pride of the bookseller, which should have sustained him even in the presence of a Baron? Gone: it had left him. When the rest of us sat down he remained standing: he appeared unable to decide what to do: he opened his mouth and gasped: as for the words of fire, where were they? Then he stammered a confused good-night to his cousin, bowed low to the gentlemen, and retired, falling ignominiously

over the mat as he went out. So there was an end to the grand appeal in the name of virtue.

CHAPTER VI

"MY BROTHER, SIR GEORGE."

When Mr. Robert Storey left us, in this sudden and surprising manner, before we resumed our chairs, the younger of the two visitors introduced his brother and himself.

"Madam," addressing my cousin, "our anxiety for the safety of Miss Nancy may, we hope, excuse our presumption in calling. Let me present to you my brother, Sir George Le Breton: I am myself—Mr. Edward Le Breton, of His Majesty's Navy. And, believe me, we are both very much at your service."

Sir George bowed low and looked about the room curiously, as if he were in some strange place.

"Gentlemen," my cousin replied, smiling sweetly—most grateful in her mind that she was arrayed becomingly! "I am indeed gratified by this honour, the more so as it enables me to express my sense of your gallantry last night."

They both disclaimed any cause for gratitude, and, compliments finished, we sat down and began to talk.

"My brother," said the sailor, "is a country gentleman, so that he can stay at home while I go ploughing the salt wave."

While he spoke, his brother was looking about the room with curiosity. He appeared not to hear this remark.

"To be a country gentleman," said my cousin, "is a great thing. May I ask, Sir"—she addressed Sir George—"in what county lies your estate?"

Sir George started, and changed colour.

"I have property," he replied in some confusion—I know not why—"chiefly in Berks and Wilts: but also elsewhere—"

The elder brother was at that time in the first flush of early manhood: he was tall and strongly made: he was much stronger, one would judge from his breadth and height, than the ordinary run of young men: his lips and mouth spoke of firmness: his features were regular and large: he moved and spoke with an unmistakable air of authority, yet his eyes, swift to change, betrayed the gentleness and softness of his heart: although at a time of life when youth is at its best and the spirits are at their highest, he wore an habitual expression of seriousness, as of one who contemplates grave responsibilities. His cheek betrayed by its rosy hue his splendid health.

It must not be supposed that this summary of his appearance could have been written after the first day of conversation. Not at all. I write down the description of the man as I learned to know him in three months of his society and conversation.

I must call the second, as he presently begged me to do, being always of a frank and even fraternal kindness, by his Christian name. Not, therefore, Captain Le Breton, but Edward. As for him, vivacity was stamped upon his face; he was animated in speech, in look, in movement; he was always happy; he seemed to laugh whenever he spoke; not so much at the wit or humour of what was said, as that, being perfectly happy, he must needs laugh. Yet he could at any moment assume an air of authority almost as profound as that of his brother. In appearance he was smaller and slighter; his dress, which was that of a naval officer, of blue cloth with white facings, gold buttons, and a scarlet sash, was much less splendid than the silk coat worn by his brother. Yet it seemed to befit his character, which was entirely simple and trustful. And as his own soul was incapable of aught that was mean, disloyal, or treacherous, so he believed that most of the world was created after the same mould. I think, for my own part, that he who is thus constituted, and can so regard his fellows, is far more likely to obtain such happiness as the world affords than one who regards every other man as a rogue and a traitor: who finds mean motives in the noblest actions: and guards himself at every point against the possible treachery of a friend.

The discourse on this, their first visit, was much more formal than it afterwards became. Our friends manifested some curiosity as to the Society of Friends (Isabel made haste to explain our connection with that body), of which they had never before seen any members.

"I thought," said Sir George, "that there had been some distinction in dress. I heard something of a leather doublet which was never changed."

"There were formerly extravagances," my cousin replied. "These have now settled down into a dress of drab for the men and of drab or grey for the women. They wear no ornaments, as they practise no arts."

"Miss Nancy is, therefore, not a Quakeress."

"She has not yet left the Society. While she stays with me she dresses as fashion orders. When my husband died I went back to the Church of England, in which I was born."

"Madam," said Sir George very earnestly, "permit me to say that you are quite right. There can be no form of faith in which we can find so much happiness or such solid assurance for the future. And there is no other form of faith in which there have been and are still so many scholars, divines, and philosophers."

"Add to which," his brother said, "that we must not let Miss Nancy resume the grey and drab, or she will make that fashion immortal. As it is, I look to see no change in the present fashion while Miss Nancy adorns it."

I take pleasure in remembering the little extravagances which please at the time, because they are extravagant, yet mean nothing.

"Perhaps," said my cousin, "Nancy may be persuaded not to return to the garb of the Quakeress."

"Grey and drab—tis the habit of a nun. Miss Nancy, we cannot believe that you were intended for a nunnery."

So we talked on all kinds of things. Sir George admired my cousin's pictures, and examined them more closely, my cousin explaining them. Mr. Edward and I talked meanwhile. He asked me what people I knew or visited about St. James's; he expressed his surprise that he had never met or seen us anywhere.

"Sir," I said, "I am not only a Quakeress, but also the daughter of a manufacturer. On either ground I can have no place in the fashionable world. We live here, in the midst of noble people, but have no friends among them."

"Yet I swear," he replied, laughing, "there is not anywhere one better fitted to grace a Court."

Sir George had finished his round of the walls, and now stood beside me and heard these words.

"Why," said Sir George, "you miss all the scandal. This kind of life is full of scandals. You are happy not to know how much Lady Betty lost last night at ombre, and how Lady Charlotte has run away with her groom. Pray, Madam, do not change in this particular. Do not let Miss Nancy join the goodly company of Scandal."

Presently turning over a portfolio of engravings, we came upon one of a sea-fight. "Why," cried Edward, "I myself am a mere tarpaulin. I ought to have come in my petticoats." So he took up the picture and began to talk about sea-fights, of which he had seen more than one; of engagements on land, and of tempests and shipwrecks. Alas! what a gallant lad he was, and how the colour rose to his cheeks and the light of his eye fired as he sprang to his feet and cheered the striking of the enemy's flag! His brother listened, as much moved as ourselves. "Happy the land," he said, "happy the King for whom these brave fellows fight!"

"Yet I was taught to believe that all fighting is unchristian," I said, "Our people hold the doctrine of

non-resistance. They obey the Gospel precept. They turn the other cheek."

Sir George replied slowly: "Why, then, if fighting is unchristian, where is patriotism or loyalty? Where is the honour that despises death? Where is the sacrifice of personal advantage? It may be that the time may come when the lion will lie down with the lamb: believe me, ladies, that time is not yet. For private slights and insults it may even be possible, with some, to turn the other cheek. As yet, however, the words are to be taken as a prophecy rather than a command."



So I stirred, laughing.

At nine o'clock Molly brought up supper. At the appearance of the tray, my cousin appeared anxious, but her countenance cleared when she saw what was on it. For our supper was commonly a slice or two of bread with a little soft cheese and a glass of wine. This incomparable Molly, finding that the gentlemen did not withdraw, stepped round to Rider Street, behind St. James's Street, and returned with a cold roast chicken, some slices of ham, a greengage pie, and two or three tarts—it was not for nothing that the maid had lived with a wealthy Quaker, at whose house, though the outlook of the soul was doubtful that of the body was always secured. Well might my cousin change countenance at the sight of so dainty a supper, which, when laid out on the clean white cloth, with

the blue china and glass, the silver spoons, and the ivory-handled steel forks of which my cousin was justly proud—and embellished with a bottle of Madeira, her late husband's best—was a supper to tempt a nobleman.

"Pray, gentlemen," she cried with smiling mock humility, "do not leave us"—for they both rose at sight of the supper—"to our simple meal. I have but what you see, but indeed you will make us happy if you partake of it with us."

So they sat down, and my cousin carved, while Edward poured out the wine, not touching his glass until his

brother had first tasted. "This," he said, "is a feast for the gods. Ah, ladies, could you but behold us a thousand miles at sea with our salt junk and our weevilly biscuit! I thank you, Madam: the leg was ever my favourite part of the bird: let me give you a slice of ham. Brother, you let your glass stand too long—he is but a one-legged creature: he bears too heavy a load: lighten him a little. Miss Nancy—nay—one more glass." I think I see him now—making so much of this grand feast—laughing and talking. "On Saturday night," he said, "we give ourselves a little happiness in drinking to our mistresses: but it is a shadowy joy: a winter's sunshine, which only pretends to warm. This ham, Madam, must have graced a porker of Westphalia. The Madeira has been more than once to India—that I dare affirm without taking an oath in the presence of Miss Nancy."

"It has been three times to India," said my cousin proudly. "My husband was choice in his wine."

Supper over, they invited us to play on the harpsichord. My cousin obeyed, and I saw that Sir

George possessed a soul sensible to the power of music. My cousin played with great taste and skill: she played, first of all, some of the music of that famous composer, Handel; then she changed the theme, and played in a lighter strain. Both our visitors listened intently: but the elder was more moved. Then she struck into the air of a song.

"Shall Nancy sing to you?" she asked. "I promise you she hath a charming voice, though as yet it is not completely trained."

They begged and entreated, though I would willingly have been excused. So, while she played an accompaniment, I sang a song which she had taught me. The words were her own, set to the air called "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Isabel wrote the words herself one day after discoursing with me on the wickedness of forbidding music to the people called Quakers. She called the song "Life and Song"—

*The thrushes sing from yonder wood,
The lark from yonder sky;
And all day long the sweet wind's song
Among the leaves doth lie.
Oh! gently touch the magic string,
Let soft strains rise and fall,
So that our thoughts in concert sing
With birds and leaves and all.*

*The birds love sun and light and air.
The glories of the day:
The living things, both foul and fair,
Rejoice to live away.
Oh! gently touch the magic string;
Let soft strains rise and fall:
So that our songs of praise we sing
In concert with them all.*

*The birds they sing: the birds they love
List! mate his mate invites.
All living things around, above,
They know the same delights.
Oh! gently touch the magic string,
Let soft strains rise and fall:
So that our hearts of love may sing
In concert with them all.*

"Let me thank you, Miss Nancy. Such a voice, with such a face, is rarely seen." It was Sir George who spoke. "Perhaps we may have the happiness of hearing another song."

"No, gentlemen," Isabel said, shutting the harpsichord. "We would not tire your ears. If it pleases you to come again, Nancy shall sing again and I will play to you. And now let me offer you a simple glass of punch. It is a custom of the City, to which both my father and my husband belonged."

"Willingly, Madam," Edward spoke in the name of his brother, for both. "Most willingly, especially if you will permit me to make it, as we make it at sea—I think you will own that even servants taught by you cannot make punch so well as a sailor. Afar from love—torn from his sweetheart—what comfort for the sailor but his punch?"

So Molly brought the hot water, the lemons, sugar, spice, and the rum in a decanter, with the punch-bowl—be sure that it was Isabel's best punch-bowl—that formerly reserved by her husband for the refreshment of the pious company which frequented his house—and a most beautiful bowl it was, thin as an egg, painted with flowers, gilt-edged, and, if you struck it lightly, giving out a note as clear as a bell and almost as loud.

You could imagine that the making of punch was a mighty mystery, so great was the attention bestowed upon it by the maker of it. He pushed back his ruffles; he spread out his materials around him: then, with an air of boundless importance, he began.

There is this difference between men and women, that whatever men like to do it is with a will: they put into it, for the time, all their heart; women, on the other hand, save for what touches their affections and their dress, do everything as if it mattered not whether it was ill done or well done. No woman could possibly think that in the brewing of punch so much care was necessary. To be sure I have seen equal care bestowed (by a man) upon the boiling of an egg or the composition of a sallet.

First he cut his lemons; then he rubbed the bowl with the rind; after this he opened the decanter and sniffed at the contents. "Ha!" he said, "I have not been in the Navy for nothing. This is right Barbadoes; your true West Indian spirit—twenty years old, if it is a day. Your lamented husband, dear Madam, knew punch as well as Madeira!"

"He also knew port and Rhenish and Canary—and indeed every wine there is. He had no equal as a connoisseur."

"It is to be hoped"—Edward began to squeeze his lemons—"that where he now goes to Meeting, these gifts will not be wasted." Then he put in the rum: added a glass or two of Madeira: measured out the sugar and the spice with anxious eyes: and, lastly, poured over all the hot water. Then he placed the spoon in my hand, and begged me to stir it. "For," he said, "the one thing that is lacking at sea is the light touch of a woman's hand. Believe me, Miss Nancy, there is a persuasiveness in the stirring of the bowl by a lovely woman which induces the materials to combine and mix with a will and a completeness which not even the youngest volunteer at sea can induce."

So I stirred, laughing, and presently Edward declared the punch ready, and, indeed, thanks to my stirring, perfection.

He poured out five full glasses and bestowed one upon each, including Molly, who stood by wondering and pleased. Then he stood up and addressed his brother. "George," he said, "a toast."

"I drink," said George, "to the fair Quakeress, Miss Nancy." So, with a little maidenly blush which became him, he drank half a glass and set it down. But his brother drank two glasses one after the other, saying that the toast deserved nine times nine.

Then, for it was now already ten o'clock, they departed, promising that they would speedily call again.

"The elder," said my cousin, when they were gone, "is a young man whose face announces, unless I am mistaken, both honour and resolution—I think that he is rich because his brother deferred so deeply to his opinion. Younger brothers do not so regard their elders where there is no estate to inherit. I observed, Nancy, that while the younger brother talked and laughed, the elder sat gazing tenderly."

"Nay, cousin, at his first visit? Curiously, perhaps. He looked about the room with a strange curiosity. He seemed unaccustomed to such rooms as these."

"Well, child, unless I am mistaken, it was—tenderly."

"Isabel! What can he know of my mind?"

"Truly, very little, my dear, unless the face proclaims the mind, in which case he need be under no apprehensions. Nancy, child, it is not a woman's mind that a young man inquires after: her face, to him, proclaims her mind: her lovely face, my dear; and her bewitching form: proclaim possible virtues and all possible wisdom."

(To be continued.)

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."

Mr. Gilbert Parker's dramatic adaptation of his novel "The Seats of the Mighty," which Mr. Beerbohm Tree produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, on Nov. 30, has not received that favour with which the actor-manager himself is known to regard it. It is one thing to write a novel, another thing to dramatise it; and the critics have declared that Mr. Parker has been too chary of the blue pencil and crowded the stage with *dramatis personæ* who only complicate the story he has



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS DOLTAIRE IN "THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY," IN NEW YORK.

to tell. Mr. Tree has not a great part, but he looks very handsome, as the accompanying photograph shows, as Tinoir Doltaire, the King's natural son, whose death gives the actor a good opportunity. Cutting and vigorous reconstruction have been recommended by the American critics, so that possibly Mr. Tree will present a version of the novel at his new theatre in the Haymarket so much improved that the play will rival that other dramatised romance which is running right opposite.

"BETSY," AT THE CRITERION.

"Betsy," Mr. Burnand's ingenious adaptation of "Bébé," has long been a standing dish at the Criterion Theatre. It was first brought out there in 1879, and was revived with almost equal success in 1882, 1888, 1889, and 1892. The lively farce has always had able interpreters. Now that the piece is once more at the Criterion, only one of the performers has ever been seen in it before. That performer is Mr. Aubrey Bouicault, the Dolly of 1888 and the Dolly of 1896-97. All the rest are new-comers, and the fact is without detriment to the play or its representation. "Betsy," indeed, is all the better for being submitted with so much freshness. It seems to have taken a new lease of life. Miss Annie Hughes's "Betsy" is not so "knowing" a maid as Miss Venne presented, but there is much more sincerity in her demureness. She is a "minx," no doubt, but not at all a disagreeable one. In the same way, if the new Birkett Senior is lacking somewhat in unction, he has gained, at the hands of Mr. Bishop, more plausibility. Mr. James Welch's Dawson has not the slyness of Mr. Maltby's, but it has, instead, a quaintness not less enjoyable. The Captain McManus of Mr. Barnes, the Talbot of Mr. Douglas, the Madame Polenta of Miss Carlisle, the Nellie Bassett of Miss Bishop, and the Mrs. Birkett of Miss Addison could not well be bettered.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Pope Leo XIII., who will be eighty-seven next March, has, it appears, endeavoured to explain the cause of his ripe old age. The story as told by the Holy Father, irrespective of the degree of faith with which it may inspire the outside world less versed in the psychological problems of the day and less inclined to mysticism than he, is, to say the least, curious. Condensed it amounts to this: Many years ago a nun informed the sovereign Pontiff that she had given her life for him. It is the absolute counterpart of M. George Ohnet's "L'âme de Pierre," which some six or seven years ago I translated for Messrs. Chatto and Windus under the title of "A Weird Gift."

Personally, I do not feel competent, or justified, to enter fully into this matter; I might as well endeavour to discuss the moral bearings of the prophecy made to Joachim Pecci more than sixty years ago after his recovery from a very severe illness, which prediction ran to the effect that if he managed to live to the age of thirty, he would attain the age of sixty, and if he succeeded in reaching threescore he would live till at least ninety. This prophecy, we sincerely trust, will be fulfilled; nay, more, in spite of the Pope's far from robust health and constitution, looks like being realised. If so, there will have been, with the exception of St. Agathon, who is said to have attained the age of 107, only two Popes who exceeded Leo XIII. in the number of years, namely, Gregory IX., who expired at ninety-nine, after a reign of fourteen years and five months, and Celestin III., who died at ninety-two, after a pontificate of six years and nine months. True, St. Peter is said to have been only one year short of a hundred when he was crucified, but the story has often been contradicted, and notably by those whose opinion is entitled to great weight, such as, for instance, that of the Abbé Maistre in his "Histoire Complète de Saint Pierre."

As it is, Leo the Thirteenth's tale of years already exceeds that of 252 out of his 258 predecessors, and the wonder is that this apparently fragile human being, wracked with excruciating pains as he was even at the beginning of his reign, nearly nineteen years ago, should have been able to stand the brunt and burden of his arduous and exalted position so long.

For, although Leo the Thirteenth's pontificate is not the longest on record, there are, at the most, but ten Popes who reigned longer than he, and there are few instances indeed of the Conclave's elect having been in fairly good health when he assumed the triple tiara. Of course, I am mainly referring to those who were called to the highest position in the Church after they were past middle age. I am not speaking of either an Innocent I., or an Innocent III., a Paul II., a Gregory XI., or a Leo X., all elected in the prime of life; and least of all of a Gregory V., a John XII., or a Benedict IX., the last of whom was barely twenty when the fisherman's ring was handed to him. I am alluding to those who were practically the equals in age of the majority of the members of the Sacred College that elected them, and of those it may safely be said that they came to their exalted dignity undermined in health, worn out with fasting and austere practices, and suffering from diseases the general though not necessarily inevitable results of life's decline.

So true is this that a hundred Cardinals have died since Leo the Thirteenth's accession, and that, whenever a Conclave has been of long duration, several Cardinals have either died of fatigue or been compelled to withdraw in order to avoid death. At the Conclave of 1550, which resulted in the election of Julius III., six physicians and an equal number of surgeons were told off to attend the members, and I believe that the custom of retaining several special medical attendants prevails to this day.

Historians of the Papacy became, in fact, so accustomed to the Pontiffs' chronic ailments as to abstain from coining new expressions for them. A stereotyped sentence records the case: "John V., Gregory XI., Innocent VIII., at their accession had lost their health," or something to this effect. Even the Popes famed for their ceaseless activity are described in this way. And no surprise need be felt, seeing that Stendhal notes that Leo XII. received the viaticum eighteen times during his life. St. Gregory I., the Great, scarcely enjoyed a week's freedom from pain during the whole of his reign of thirteen years and six months; St. Gregory VII., delicate from the very outset, was always ailing; Clement XII., who died at the advanced age of eighty-eight, was almost entirely blind for eight years out of a reign of nine years and seven months; Sisinnius, whose pontificate only lasted twenty days, was deprived of the use of both his hands and feet long before he ascended the Papal throne. He was, nevertheless, elected like Clement X., who opposed the decision, saying: "Do not you see that I am incapable of bearing this heavy burden? I am eighty-four, and have neither health, strength, nor memory left." It was all in vain. Honorius IV. was such a martyr to gout that he could not celebrate mass without certain instruments that enabled him to raise his hands. I might go on quoting. All these Pontiffs seem to have enjoyed the special intervention of Nature or Providence without the self-sacrifice of a fellow-creature such as Pope Leo XIII. mentioned, but faith and mysticism combined invent strange theories in our days, and the venerable Pontiff is unquestionably a man of his time. We should like to know, however, what Dr. Lapponi says to all this? Do his ministrations count for nothing?

THE ARBITRATION TREATY: SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE IN WASHINGTON.

We have all been talking about the signature of the treaty for arbitration as between England and the United States of America. A high-water mark has been reached in the relations of the two countries towards each other—a flood of good feeling, a mutual understanding and compact, from which great things are expected.

With all this the British Embassy in Washington has, of course, been identified in the most intimate way. The



THE RIGHT HON. SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, G.C.B.,
British Ambassador to the United States of America.

treaty was negotiated by Mr. Secretary Olney for the American Government and by Sir Julian Paunceforte on behalf of the British Government. Those of us who may visit Washington will have another reason for going to Connecticut Avenue, there to have a peep at the official

home of the British Ambassador, the Right Honourable Sir Julian Paunceforte.

Sir Edward Thornton was the British Minister to America at the time the Embassy was erected. To speak of him as a "Minister," and of the building as an "Embassy," looks like a confusion of terms. There is, however, no such confusion, since until quite recently America sent us a Minister and we sent her a Minister. Now she sends us an Ambassador, and we send her an Ambassador. When you have a Minister you have a Legation; when an Ambassador, you have an Embassy. The change came, perhaps, from the side of the Washington Government, whose Ambassadors to European Courts rank higher in the important matter of diplomatic precedence than they could do as Ministers. It was practically a matter of doing business on more expeditious lines.

The Embassy has been regarded as one of the finest buildings of its kind in Washington; but, obviously, you have to regard it as a mansion, not as an edifice in the public sense. When it sprang up stone by stone some five-and-twenty years ago it certainly had no competitor; and, much as Washington has developed in splendid houses, it is still very well able to hold its own.



FRONT OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY, WASHINGTON.

The public rooms of the Embassy are spacious, beautifully furnished, and generally as taking to the eye as rooms could be. A chief glory of the place is the ball-room—the dancing-floor a perfect creation—which is built out to the back. Many a fashionable gathering there has been under the grand chandelier, and if beauty and manliness are not to be found in America, where are they to be looked for? Needless to detail, the Washington season is a red-letter division in the American year-book. Hither to the city on the Potomac River there come the legislators of the Union, and with them their wives, their sisters, their cousins and their aunts. The London season begins with the blink of summer—or, rather, towards the end of spring—but Washington's season may be said to be inaugurated with

leading. Sir Julian Paunceforte is only one of several men of the very first capacity in British diplomacy who have served in Washington. Sir Edward Thornton was something of an institution there; and, again, Lord Lyons was our representative in America for awhile. Always the British Embassy has been one of the links of social life, one of the suns which have radiated the light of hospitality. Under Sir Julian and Lady Paunceforte it has lost nothing in that quality, and truly their dinner parties and dances are among the most valued features of Washington life. If Americans look upon the social life of the Embassy with a pleasant eye, so it would assuredly be found that Sir Julian and Lady Paunceforte regard their surroundings in Washington as singularly agreeable. On that text one might write an essay in praise of the qualities which make our American kinsfolk themselves almost the best hosts in the world. And then a British Ambassador to America has always one enormous advantage—the old mother-tongue is round him, indicating the common sympathies of the widely spread Anglo-Saxon family.

Yet if one takes up the handbook of the British Foreign Office, he will come upon an historic interlude or two in the felicity of British Ambassadors at Washington. When you have to drive a pair of equally spirited horses in the same carriage you need to be uncommonly skilful. If you are living in the house of a relative of blood, he is apt to expect more of you than if you were an entire stranger. Sir Julian Paunceforte went to Washington at a time



LADY PAUNCEFOTE.

when all his tact, all his knowledge of men and affairs, all the fruit of his long training, were needed to meet the Anglo-American position. For example, the Behring Sea dispute had to be dealt with, and after that there came the question of the claims under it. The Behring Sea trouble was hardly one which appealed to the man in the street—either to the man in Piccadilly or to the man in Broadway. It was a trifle too technical to be mastered from the kerbstone, but for the diplomats it was a weighty problem. Then after one ghost had walked and been safely laid, up came another—to wit, the Venezuela difficulty.

The method in which it has been treated is a matter of such recent history that there is no need to dwell upon it. A mere year ago it looked as if the cudgels were in the air—who flourished them most vigorously it bodes not to say—and now an Anglo-American treaty of arbitration has been signed. Well, we hear little in a personal way about our diplomats until they have retired from active service and written their reminiscences—many of them never even do that. But it appears a plain thing that we have been served with the greatest ability at Washington during a period which might have brought serious ills and which has only brought a crowning blessing.



BALL-ROOM AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, WASHINGTON.

A striking porch leads into the Embassy, and immediately you are inside you are in a fine hall with a broad staircase going up from the farther end. At the top of the first flight of stairs hangs a life-size portrait of the Queen, such as may be found in several of our other Embassies. It shows her Majesty in her robes of state—youthful, really a girl, as she was when she came to the throne nearly sixty years ago. In America the name of Queen Victoria is honoured to a degree which can only be understood by one who has visited that country—it is honoured only less than her own subjects honour it.

the coming of a new year. It is on the first day of the new year that the President receives the diplomats and the rest of the official world at the White House. Still for weeks before, Washington has been full, and then the season lasts until the end of March. Seat of the executive, the meeting-place of Parliament, the headquarters of the great State departments, the high place of justice as represented by the Supreme Court of the United States—that and much more is Washington.

Now you cannot have a British Embassy in such a capital without finding that Embassy a centre of light and

LITERATURE.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN'S NEW BOOK.

In the Laureate's new miscellany of verse, *The Conversion of Winckelmann, and Other Poems* (Macmillan), the one which gives a title to the volume is by far the longest and most elaborate. Although Winckelmann's career is full of interest, no writer of distinction save Mr. Pater appears to have handled it since Goethe wrote the sympathetic and appreciative monograph on the æsthetic and archæologist who did so much last century to deepen and widen the modern feeling for the beautiful in ancient art. The son of a poor Prussian shoemaker, the struggling Winckelmann had made himself a ripe classical scholar only to lurch for a miserable pittance in the library of a German nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood of Dresden. The sight of the works of ancient art in that city kindled in him a passionate enthusiasm for the antique and a longing to visit Rome. The Papal Nuncio at Dresden promised him a small allowance which would enable him to gratify the longing, but on condition that he abjured the Protestant faith in which he had been reared and became a Roman Catholic. It is at this "psychological moment" that Mr. Austin opens his finely conceived and vividly executed poem, which is in blank verse, and forms a series of highly dramatic monologues supposed to be spoken by Winckelmann. Very powerful is the description of the mental conflict produced by the Nuncio's offer. If Winckelmann accepts it he degrades himself by professing a creed in which he does not believe (Goethe's view is that Winckelmann was somewhat of a Pagan), and he sees before him a career of flagrant hypocrisy. On the other hand, if he refuses, he bids good-bye to the otherwise assured fulfilment of his dearest wishes and accepts a life of seemingly hopeless drudgery. Winckelmann yields to the temptation, and finds himself in the Eternal City. His happiness is without a flaw. The burden of his new faith is so light as scarcely to be felt. His patrons, Cardinals among them, are free-and-easy ecclesiastics, who treat him as an equal. He bursts forth into a highly poetical description of the sculptured and monumental remains of ancient Rome around him, and finds something to admire even in the ritual of modern Rome—

All
That brings to lowly and laborious
hearts
Comfort and tenderness Rome under-
stands.

In his final monologue, Winckelmann is on his death-bed, struck down by an assassin. By Winckelmann's biographers the murderer is generally represented as actuated by greed of gold. Mr. Austin substitutes for this motive an artistic desire of the assassin to possess himself of a medal belonging to his victim. Thus point is given to the words of the dying man in which he draws a parallel between himself and his murderer. He had sacrificed everything to art, and lo! his life itself is sacrificed to another's love of art.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Why we have not more books like White's "Selborne" is not easy to explain. This is a scientific age, or it was so a few years back; and the popularisation of knowledge has spread, and has everywhere received encouragement. We have probably more enthusiastic naturalists than ever, and among these some ready writers, while their audience is not wanting. Somehow the really excellent and permanent books do not seem to find such encouragement and such ample opportunities good for them. No one in particular wanted White to write the history of his parish. He wrote to please himself, and not to meet the comprehension of any particular class, whether ex-Board School scholars or University professors relaxing in rural leisure. Probably in his own time even the style was not exactly popular. There are arid tracks in the book, that a naturalist of to-day accustomed to write for the newspapers—say Mr. Grant Allen—would not be guilty of. But there it stays; it is bought, paid for, and read by a generation that has a thousand exacter teachers. It has the success of the sensible, if not very sensitive, person, who in every company is just himself, and never tries to pose or preach, or even very ardently to please. Popular books on natural science exist, of course, by the score; but they fail to take hold, sometimes because the writers speak out of a shallow knowledge, sometimes because they are pedants, and again because they fall under the temptation of pretty writing. But there is one before us that should have a robust life at least, Professor Louis Miall's *Round the Year* (Macmillan). It is a series of sketches suggested by the natural events of 1895. The plan should be successful if only because of its informality and the absence of any blighting attempt at completeness. "I have written," he says, "upon things which happened to interest me at the time, which seemed to admit of popular treatment, and which had not been fully discussed, so far as I knew, in elementary books." Professor Miall is a very serious, a very eminent man of science. He merits success, and must win it in large measure. While he jots down his observations on what is interesting him at the moment—Weeds, or The Botany of a Railway Station, or Gossamer, or The Fall of the Leaf, or old White himself, or Tennyson as a Naturalist—you find some of the matter stiff enough, if you are new to the thing, about as stiff as the more technical bits of White. It is not written up nor written down to any particular level, but for all observers, actual or potential, and all lovers of the country.

Everybody who has an ear for a rollicking rhyme and little inclination for politics in prose will welcome in book form Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott's *Song of a Session* (Innes). If you are a man of the *World* you will re-read "M. T. P.'s" admirable ditties with the keenest interest. They have wit, they have humour (and, better still, good-humour), and, above all, they are exceedingly clever essays in very fascinating forms of rhyme-technique. Nobody, indeed, has perpetrated such comically daring rhyme for many a day; for example, jingling "tossy ball" with "impossible," and "men away" with "Kenna-way." The ditty titled "Harcourtlines" is, perhaps, the best of the series. At present it is extremely opportune. The art of "M. T. P." looks very simple, but an attempt to imitate it successfully will prove its difficulty. Mr. Owen Seaman has also lately issued his contributions to the world under the title of *The Battle of the Bays* (Lane). Of more varied interest than his colleague's, they have greater humour, more insight, and in point of technique are extraordinarily clever. His imitations of his more ambitious contemporaries are very funny, notably the ballad of the "Bodley bun," which gently ridicules Mr. John Davidson's famous poem. The verses "to the Lord of Potsdam on sending a certain telegram" are cast in the metre of "Harcourtlines." One verse may be quoted—

Be well advised, my youthful friend, abjure
These tricks that smack of Cleon and the tanners;
And let the Dutch instruct a German Boor
In manners.

These two volumes show that the art of Praed has never been more cleverly cultivated.

The history of such an institution as the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne, which Dr. Spence Watson has just written (Walter Scott) is practically the history of a non-academic university for the people; and in such a centre of industrial activity an institution like this has had an influence much further reaching than the geographical boundaries of the town.



SWINFORD OLD MANOR, KENT, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

The Society was founded in 1793, and built for itself a habitation thirty years later. Among its early members were the Stephensons, Thomas Bewick, Sir John Swinburne (the poet's grandfather), and William Bell Scott; while Lord Armstrong has been connected with it for more than half a century. The Society's building was unfortunately burned down on the night of the conversation celebrating the centenary of the Society's birth; but to-day this old institution—one of the earliest in the country and the parent of many others—is full of life, and its story, enthusiastically told by Dr. Spence Watson, and lavishly illustrated, is full of interest.

Dr. F. B. Jevons' *Introduction to the History of Religion* (Methuen and Co.) fulfils the expectation as to quality and accuracy which his more fugitive writings—notably, the scholarly preface to Plutarch's "Roman Questions"—have raised. Modern treatment of the great subject which occupies this volume has undergone a change amounting to a revolution. The religions "that man did ever find" are no longer divided into true and false; no longer regarded as the ingenious invention of self-seeking priests; but as the expression everywhere of human needs and dependence. Therefore, in place of "proofs" and "evidences" we have explanations, and the application of that method of comparison to all creeds which has been adopted in every other branch of inquiry. Dr. Jevons investigates the history of early religion "on the principle and methods of anthropology"; the purpose of his book, as the title implies, being not so much a history of the subject generally as a preparation for its study. Hence, the barbaric speculations and their outcome in practice, which are the bedrock of other forms of belief and custom, fill a large part of the volume. The enormous part played by magic; by declaring certain persons and things sacred, therefore tabooed; the several departments of nature-worship; theories of spirits and of another life—all yield matter for felicitous illustration gathered from many a traveller's tale and many a missionary record. The serious defect of an otherwise excellent book is in the topsy-turveness of the concluding chapters, wherein the argument supports the differences between one religion and another as being of kind, and not of degree.

A LITERARY LETTER.

An excellent article on Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Sir George Tressady" occupies twenty-five pages of the new number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The writer endorses the general opinion of all who have read it that this is Mrs. Humphry Ward's best book. In spite of that fact, the story would appear to have sold less than some of her others. For this we have the evidence of her publishers, who, however, I imagine, were scarcely justified in charging it to Mr. Stead's very lengthy review of the book, instead of accounting for it by the supposition that there was what one may hope is only a momentary reaction against Mrs. Ward's work in favour of other types of novels. The reaction is due largely, I doubt not, to the lull of interest in politics which is so marked at the present moment, particularly in London.

The question of the length to which reviewers may go in their quotations seems to be agitating the souls of publishers. I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind that the type of reviews in which Mr. Stead has indulged in the *Review of Reviews*, and with which Mr. T. P. O'Connor has associated the *Sunday Sun*, really does a lot of good to any book. The publisher in some cases argues to the contrary, and declares that people satisfy themselves by obtaining a superficial knowledge of the book, which enables them to pose as well acquainted with it in their ordinary conversation. There is, no doubt, something in this; but, on the other hand, it is generally admitted that books sell as largely by the way they are talked about as by the notices in the newspapers, and if a certain number of people will discuss a book on the strength of a too-copious review it would certainly have the effect of driving other readers to handle the book itself. I think that if I were a publisher I should like to see my books as widely quoted as possible in the newspapers. In any case, the crime, if crime it be, is as great in the twenty-five page criticism in a good magazine of the type of the *Edinburgh*.

Mr. Grant Richards has started publishing in Henrietta Street in the right manner. His first book—a work on Evolution by Mr. Edward Clodd—is delightfully "got up" from the point of view of paper and printing. It is interesting to note the amount of attention which publishers are now giving to that aspect of book production.

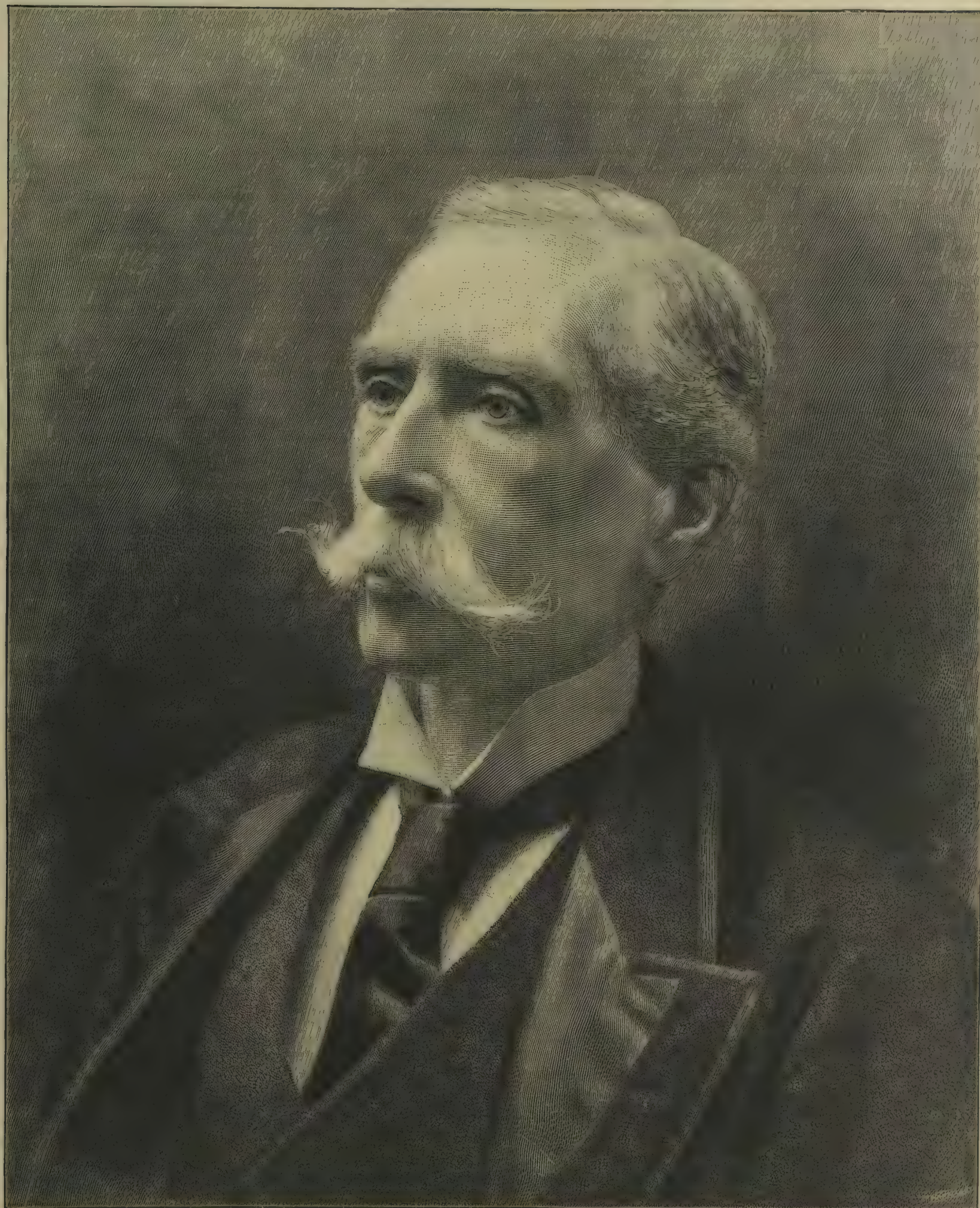
A neighbour of Mr. Richards in Henrietta Street, and also a new publisher, Mr. James Bowden, has issued his first catalogue. Its announcements include a new novel by Mr. Shan F. Bullock, entitled "The Charmer," a hitherto unpublished work by Christina Rossetti—a kind of novel consisting of prose and verse, bearing the title of "Maude"—and a little volume of etiquette entitled "Manners for Men," by "Madge," of *Truth*. Mr. Shan Bullock might be counted to do for Ireland what Mr. Barrie has done for Scotland, were it possible to interest the British reading public in books about Ireland in the way that they are interested in that world of Scotch religion which Mr. Barrie interprets so exquisitely.

Considering that Mr. W. E. Henley was editor of the *National Observer* for some years, and then enjoyed a merry warfare with most of the writers of the day, whose books he and his gifted young men "cut up" with delightful smartness and vigour, it is interesting to note the very kind reception which his new edition of "Byron" has received. Does it indicate the good-nature and forgiving disposition of most of our writers who are also journalists?—or does it demonstrate that for the most part the writers of books have themselves very little influence with the Press? In any case Mr. Henley's "Byron" has been received with a pean of praise, which it undoubtedly deserves.

Nevertheless, I would wish to join issue with a writer in the *Saturday Review* who evidently desires to praise Mr. Henley's "Byron" over much. It is clearly possible to do Mr. Henley full justice—to acknowledge his enormous energy, the delightful style in which he has embodied his miniature biographies, the trouble he has taken to collate letters with the originals, and, in fact, to certify that this new "Byron" is a book which "no library should be without"—without disparaging at the same time the edition which will follow it. This edition, which Mr. Murray is to publish and Lord Lovelace to edit, has a place of its own. Mr. Murray possesses hundreds of Lord Byron's original letters, some of which have not been handled for half a century; and Lord Lovelace must possess a great deal of additional matter of similar newness. Mr. Henley would be the last to disparage the importance of this—in fact, in one instance he emphatically contradicts the position of his too friendly critic. "What wildernesses of unexceptionable printed matter," he writes in a delightful sketch of Lady Jersey, "one would cheerfully resign to know that this piece of his writing had escaped the grate in Albemarle Street, and would presently be given to the world!"

The *Saturday Review*—and under Mr. Frank Harris's capable editorship the title has become more effective than ever—is also somewhat enigmatical in suggesting that Mr. Henley's valuable notes "will be a rich mine for others to steal a semblance of knowledge from." The humour of this lies in the fact that the books which Mr. Henley has drawn upon with so much skill for his notes are, and have long been, familiar to every Byron student.

C. K. S.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE.

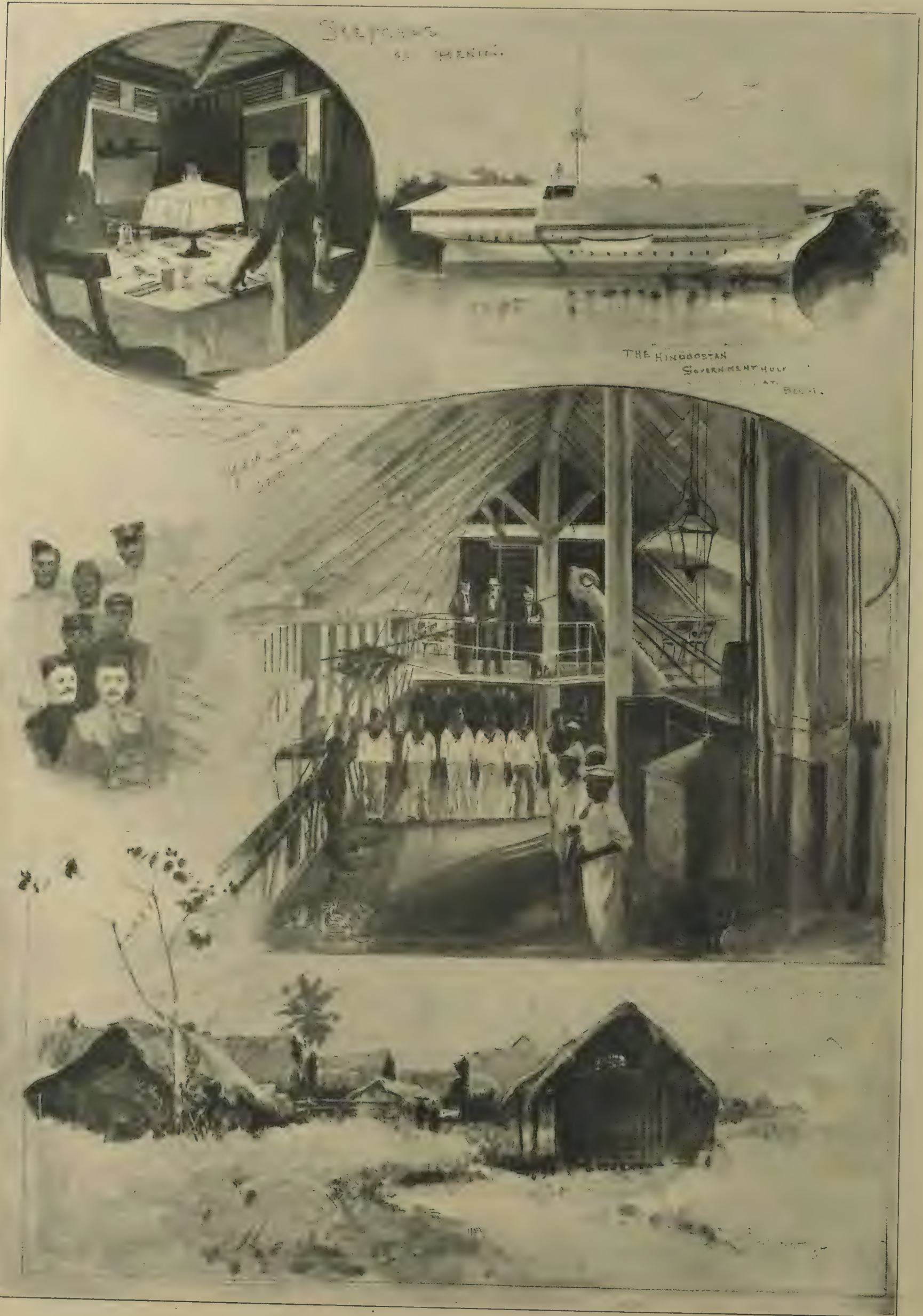
Mr. Alfred Austin, whose new volume of poems is reviewed on the preceding page, has now worn the Laureate's crown for rather more than a twelvemonth, his appointment to be Tennyson's successor having been one of the honours of New Year's Day, 1896. Mr. Austin was born in 1835 at Headingley, near Leeds, his father being a well-known merchant and magistrate of Leeds. His parents were members of the Church of Rome, and the future Laureate accordingly received his education at Stonyhurst and at St. Mary's College, Oscott. He was called to the Bar, but his strong bent towards literary work, which had manifested itself when he was but eighteen in the anonymous publication of a poem of some length entitled "Randolph," led him to abandon the legal profession for that of letters. "The Season: a Satire," was published in 1861, and was followed in quick succession by "The Human Tragedy," "The Tower of Babel," "Savonarola," "English Lyrics," and other books of verse which four years ago attained the dignity of a collected edition in six volumes. "Fortunatus the Pessimist" and "England's Darling" have since appeared, and the graceful fancy of two volumes of prose, "The Garden that I Love" and "In Veronica's Garden," won many admirers. Mr. Austin was a frequent contributor to the "Quarterly Review" and the "Standard," having been special correspondent of the latter journal during the Franco-German War. For some ten years he was editor of the "National Review."



THE INDIAN FAMINE: RELIEVING STARVING NATIVES AT A RESIDENCY.

Drawn by R. Cuten Woodville, R.I.

THE BENIN DISASTER: SCENES IN THE NIGER PROTECTORATE.



THE BENIN DISASTER: SCENES IN THE NIGER PROTECTORATE.

The unfortunate disaster at Benin again draws attention to that strip of coast which has so often proved fatal in one way or another to Englishmen. The terrible frequency with which one death from malarial fever follows another seems never to abate—indeed, during last year it proved more virulent than ever—and now there has to be added to the melancholy history the loss of many valuable lives. It is difficult for anyone who has not lived on the lower West Coast of Africa to realise how superficial is civilisation in those regions. Scarcely a few miles from stations where officialism reigns supreme are to be found the rankest superstition and a swarming native population, a prey to fetish-worship and the cunning priests who hold sway in its name. It is an indisputable fact that, although in some parts of the West Coast Europeans have traded and factories have existed for quite two hundred years, yet no successful attempt has up to now been made to rescue the native population from grovelling superstition and ignorance.

It is a long stretch from 1485 to 1897, yet from the earlier date, when the King of Benin city professed to the Portuguese traveller, Fernao de Poo, his readiness to force all his subjects to embrace Christianity provided a white woman were handed over to him for a wife, down to the present time, little further has been added to our knowledge of either the city or of the various tribes who acknowledge the sway of the ruler of the Benin country. Some of the earlier travellers speak of broad streets and hills in the background of the city, of its being surrounded by a high wall with many turrets, yet no trace of anything of the kind is to be found now; indeed, recent accounts lead one to conclude that the city is in a decaying condition. A cluster of native huts of the usual West African type remain, with the King's house in the centre. This is reached through a number of enclosed squares, in each of which a space is reserved for fetish observances at various pagan altars.



A CONSULATE IN THE NIGER PROTECTORATE.

From a Photograph supplied by Dr. Felix Roth.



TROOPS OF THE ROYAL NIGER PROTECTORATE AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS AT OLD CALABAR.

The King's presence is very jealously guarded, even his own subjects rarely, if ever, seeing him. This makes all the more interesting the account given by Captain Gallwey of a visit paid by him in 1893, when he concluded a treaty with the King, by which Benin country was placed under British protection. Captain Gallwey and his companions went up to Benin by way of Gwato, at that time the only route by which the King would allow white men to approach Benin. From this point the way lies through dense forest. Captain Gallwey speaks of the revolting sights he witnessed, and there is little cause to think that matters have improved since that time. The ground was strewn with fragments of human bodies, and skulls were plentiful. The favourite mode of execution is crucifixion, the victim being sacrificed on any occasion when the malevolence of evil spirits requires to be appeased. On reaching the town, Captain Gallwey found that two houses had been set aside for his use, and after some delay the palaver with the King and his chiefs took place, culminating in the treaty already mentioned. No one who has had any experience of native chiefs and Kings will be surprised to learn that the Benin King is really but a figure-head controlled by the fetish priests.

There seems to be some doubt whether the Jakris and Sobos, with whom the Benins chiefly come in contact, belong to the Ibo tribe, or whether they are an offshoot from the Jomba people. At any rate, all our information at present points to the prevalence of similar characteristics among the Benins and the Ibos, who are the most important and numerous of the Lower Niger peoples. The Ibo men are usually well built, but seldom exceed 5 ft. 6 in. in height; the women develop, as is usual in these regions, at a very early age. One of the few virtues possessed by this people is cleanliness, and it is an everyday sight to see crowds of men and women bathing in the various rivers and lagoons. The men spend

their time hunting and fishing and looking after their farms. Trade is chiefly left to the women. Nothing more uncanny can be imagined than the appearance of the men when decorated with rings of white paint round the eyes and other facial disfigurements, which they regard as charms against evil spirits.

Although little authentic knowledge of the Benin people is current, the main characteristics of the surrounding tribes are thought to be theirs also in an intensified degree, finding expression in habits of disgusting brutality and scenes of hideous cruelty and bloodshed, ordained by the superstitions of a degraded race of savages.



A NATIVE CHIEF AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

From a Photograph supplied by Dr. Felix Roth.

POONA, AS A CITY OF REFUGE FROM THE PLAGUE AT BOMBAY.

From Photographs by F. Frith and Co., Reigate.



POONA FROM PARBATI HILL.



PARBATI TEMPLE, POONA.



BUND GARDENS, PARBATI, WITH THE TANK AND HILL.



BUND GARDENS, POONA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Several correspondents have written to inquire if I received any further information concerning the doings of the "Astral Camera Club," whose exploits in the way of mental photography were chronicled by Professor D. S. Jordan in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October last. It may be remembered that Professor Jordan gave an account of the wonderful results in the direction of photographing thought by means of an instrument called the "sympsy-chograph," the paper in question being duly illustrated with photographs alleged to have been obtained by this complex and ingenious apparatus. At the close of my remarks I suggested that the whole paper read like a huge and cleverly conceived scientific joke; and so it turns out that Professor Jordan was really satirising, in a very effective manner, the pretensions of a certain school of aspirants hungering after fame as reproducers of the ways and works of mind. It seems that certain of our American friends took Mr. Jordan's article seriously. There must be those on the other side of the Atlantic who, like the Scotsman of proverbial fame, joke (or understand a joke) "wi' deeficulty." So I may assure my readers there is no "Astral Camera Club," and there is no hope or evidence at present with us that "thought" can be photographed at all.

It has often puzzled me to understand whence come the constantly recurring announcements of scientific wonders

chamber, and this latter box had light admitted to it by a pane of ground-glass. On this pane, the bright light of the noonday sun was allowed to fall. The bright pane was distant nearly eight metres (a metre is over thirty-nine inches) from the wall of the first chamber. Over the bright pane Kühne placed a highly coloured piece of tissue paper, chrome yellow in hue. Then an albino rabbit, which had been kept fifteen minutes previously in the dark, was killed and its eye rapidly removed under a sodium light, which, of course, has no effect on colour. The eye was put in the dark chamber, duly fastened in proper position with its front against the hole in the wall of the room. Then the yellow curtain was removed from the pane of glass and the eye duly exposed to the light forty minutes.

Under gaslight no image was visible on the organ of sight thus treated, but when it was examined in darkened daylight, the retina showed a bright spot which corresponded with the area that had been exposed to the light. Then in after-experiments, by fixing the purple colour of the retina, the cross bars of the window were duly seen as an image in the eye. Now these experiments, while they are extremely interesting, do not lend the slightest support to the idea that an image in the eye could be photographed after the fashion recorded in the newspapers. In the first instance, it is doubtful whether any image received by the retina remains fixed after death, or indeed for any length of time at all even during life. In the next place, how

ART NOTES.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club is the first in the field to pay tribute to the late Mr. Alfred Hunt's memory by bringing together upwards of a hundred of his most distinctive works in water colour. The committee have been very successful in their search, and evidently careful in their selection, for there are scarcely half-a-dozen drawings out of the whole number which one would care to see replaced by others. In one of his earliest works, "Climbing Shadows," one sees how carefully Alfred Hunt set himself to acquire distinction, and how much more successful he was than the majority of those who adopted Pre-Raphaelite methods in keeping in view the whole of his subject, and in not allowing it to be obscured by details. In the "Harlech Castle" (5), "Cornel Rhôs" (49), and "Llyn Idwal Stream" (137), he carries this special note of his art to the furthest limit; and when, as in his later days, he painted the Robin Hood's Bay and Whitby series, one is conscious that the old power is still there, although his fancy led him to prefer the ever-varying effects of atmosphere on cliff and sea. The present exhibition is in no sense exhaustive, but it is thoroughly representative of one side of Alfred Hunt's genius, and as such will be warmly appreciated by the lovers of poetic landscape.

The French Government, unlike our own, is ready to provide funds for the housing of its art treasures with a lavish hand. The budget of the Fine Arts Department



THE GUITAR-PLAYER.

From the Picture by M. Teixidor in the Champ de Mars Exhibition, Paris.

one reads of in the newspapers; wonders, these, which are all unknown to scientific circles. With the regularity of the appearance of the "big gooseberry," or the "hen with two heads," certain ancient myths are trotted out in the columns of our dailies to mystify and astonish the public mind. Thus the other day I came across a revival of the old story that by photographing the eye of a murdered person it was possible to obtain a representation of the last object or scene on which the victim had gazed, and the idea of tracking the murderer in this way naturally followed as the obvious inference to be drawn from the recital in question. I need not say that no such process is at all possible; but it so happens that here, as elsewhere, there is a nucleus of fact, about which, by a process of natural accretion, the newspaper-man has woven a surrounding of fable and fiction.

The story of photographing the eye is now an old tale of physiology. In the living eye there exists a curious pigment called *visual purple*, or *rhodopsin*, contained in the outer part of the rods which make up part of the retina (or nervous network) on which images of things seen are received. The retina is really the end of the optic nerve expanded within the eye, to form the sensitive plate of the living camera. This purple colour bleaches rapidly in the light, but regains its colour in the dark. In our hours of sleep, I presume, it must undergo a constant renewal and re-development fitting it for the exercise of its daily duties. On this purple of the eye, Kühne demonstrated that light has certain peculiar reactions. He made a chamber of wood, and bored a hole in one side of this dark room. This aperture led into a second

a representation of an image received on the back of the eye could be obtained by merely photographing the eye *in situ*, after the popular belief, is a problem which appears impossible of reasonable solution. At the most the living eye is a delicate photographic instrument whose images are fixed not so much in the eye itself as in the brain, and the intricacy of the whole arrangements connected with the exercise of our visual sense forbids anyone with the slightest physiological knowledge to suppose that any reproduction of things seen could be obtained. And so the story of the murdered man's eye and its revelations is consigned to the limbo reserved for the phantasies of the romancer and for the science of the "shilling shocker."

Great is the mystery of heredity, and equally formidable are its effects in the perpetuation of the vile and shady side of human life. Those who know the story of the Jukes family, an American recital which relates the generations of vagabonds, thieves, and murderers springing from a single pair of vicious parents, will find a parallel case in the history of Frau Ada Jurke, related by Professor Pellmann, of Bonn. Born in 1740, she was a nomad drunkard and thief for forty years. She died in 1800. She left 834 descendants; and of these the histories of 709 are known. Of these 709 no fewer than 106 were illegitimate, and 142 of them lived as beggars, and 64 more from hand to mouth. Among the women, 181 led immoral lives; and 76 convicts (including seven murderers) figure in the family records. Such a history may well cause even a very tender-hearted critic to express the wish that some edict against the perpetuation of the unfit could form a practical feature of the social organism.

shows that approval has been obtained for the expenditure of 322,000*fr.* on the Escalier Daru at the Louvre; the former Salle des Etats will be adapted as a gallery for the series of Rubens' pictures, and this work, with its consequent changes in the present arrangement, is estimated at 468,000*fr.*; and finally the work is to be completed by an expenditure of 432,000*fr.* for the Escalier Mollien. This total charge of nearly £50,000 is to be spread over a series of years, and the result will be to make the Louvre worthy of its contents.

Only two pictures have been purchased for the Louvre Gallery during the past year—a work by Perugino for £6000, and a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence for £3000. But the Minister of Fine Arts includes in his budget other objects which in this country would be bought for the South Kensington Museum. These comprise a tiara in gold and precious stones, £8000; an antique bronze head, £1000; a Renaissance group in painted carved wood, £2000; and a specimen of the Boscoreale jewellery, £1000.

Among reproductions of popular pictures recently published should be mentioned "The Prodigal's Return" (Clifford, Haymarket), by Mr. Beckingham, somewhat too close a follower of Mr. Marcus Stone in his work to claim originality. The subject is one which easily lends itself to effective treatment by the Viennese printer. Mr. Godward's "Priestess" (Cadbury Jones, Haymarket) has been lucky in finding so competent an engraver as Mr. Biscombe Gardner to prepare the plate. Both works were exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the latter especially attracted favourable notice.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

This is a dead season for fashion, and, excepting for the fortunate few who are off to the blue skies of Monte Carlo, a novel costume is an unknown quantity; but there have been some charming gowns prepared for the South. The best I have seen of these are of light biscuit-coloured cloth, showing many braidings of the same colour, and vests of ivory satin draped with lace. Beautiful bodices, too, are of chiffon covered with real lace diamanté, with frills



A GREY CLOTH COSTUME.

of pale yellow net outlining collars and sleeves; these are attractive possessions for a journey South or a residence in town, and they look delightful if belted with black velvet ribbon with a bunch of roses in the front. Evening cloaks of chiné, brocade, net, and velvet, short capes of light cloth or silk frilled with chiffon, and bearing chiffon ruffles and ties, are much in request by the lucky travellers; but of course the most important part of the wardrobe is the hat. No woman who goes to Monte Carlo ought to take less than six new hats with her.

The toque made entirely of flowers is much in evidence at the moment, roses or violets being the favourite blossoms, while in the midst of the leaves will appear a couple of choux of coloured velvet, and over the crown will wave the latest variety of long osprey. The tiny black tulle toque is another popular favourite, usually found with a jewelled brim and crown. This is trimmed with a group of black feathers and is set jauntily at one side of the head. There is a new kind of straw in the market looking like canvas. This in biscuit colour trimmed with black velvet and pink roses is the ideal complement to the plain grey tailor-made cloth gown, which may well be completed with a blouse made of cream-coloured embroidered batiste, with a collar round the shoulders edged with infinitesimal pleatings of pale green glacé silk. A very pretty hat may be contrived from a fringe of violets round the brim, a crown formed of dark red roses securely stitched down, trimmed at one side with an erect bunch of violets, and a cluster of gardenias tied at the base with a pale blue bow. Talking of pale blue velvet reminds me that one of the prettiest of the tulle toques elaborately diamanté turns up at one side with pale blue ostrich feathers finished with a chou of black watered silk and another of pale blue velvet fastened down with a diamond button.

But in contemplating the joys of the far South I must not forget the immediate delights of our London, which continue to include the advantages of the January Sales—only more so, for during the last week of January everything is offered at further reductions, a state of affairs which we always enjoy with enthusiasm. Most of us can acquire at trivial outlay a short length of really good lace, and there is no more becoming drapery than this to the décolletage of an evening gown, so that its shape be directed by the individual shoulders, either square or round, or in the V form. And a length of lace flouncing may also be contrived to form a complete bolero with success. A box pleat in the centre of the back and one on either side of the bust, leaving the lace plain under the arms, would be the most becoming fashion to achieve this. Patterns of lace set transparently are, I am told, to decorate, in black and in white traced with gold, the best of the light cashmere skirts to be worn in the coming season; but these are a matter for future discussion; at the moment it is worthy of being chronicled that the lace patterns look exceedingly

well inserted transparently in net from waist to hem mounted over glacé silk edged with double frills. They make charming skirts for the ball-room; but I met the ideal ball-gown the night before last. The skirt was of white glacé silk kilted in the new style, which exhibits little or no fullness in some mysterious fashion, and is yet seemingly pleated with liberality. The bodice was made of white chiffon completely covered with the finest of Brussels lace, fastening at one side with a chou and falling in scarf fashion to the hem. Inside the décolletage were tucked a few folds of the chiffon, while the sleeves were transparent and made entirely of the lace. The effect of all this lace and chiffon and silk was further enhanced by a single string of beautiful pearls which hung far below the waist from the neck of the wearer, the other ornaments being entirely diamonds of the whitest and the most dainty designs. In the front of the hair was worn an ornament of most decorative shape, resembling that of an ostrich feather on either side, while in the centre were many upstanding rows of diamonds graduating in size.

It is quite usual now to decorate the hair with diamonds if we can only get them, these being generally placed just above the fringe, while all sorts of tiaras are permissible on occasions not ceremonious, and there are many fanciful little ornaments in butterfly shape made of tulle and net elaborately jewelled permitted to adorn the coiffure, and a bunch of ostrich feathers may be worn with singular success in company with the popular high style of hair-dressing. The osprey when worn is invariably set in a handsome jewelled clasp, but it is not, on the whole, much in favour—for which, of course, the heron should be duly thankful. English people have not yet taken with real enthusiasm to the hair on the top of the head—it is the exception rather than the rule—and while contriving it they seem to forget the special advantage of inducing the hair from the nape of the neck to the crown to set outwards by means of a pad of hair securely pinned down, invisibly, of course. But let me detail my illustrations. A very pretty high evening bodice is exploited in the one, with sleeves and yoke of transparent lace. The bodice is made of shaded mauve velvet, bows and ends and puffs of this appearing above a frill of the daintiest peach-coloured chiffon, the collar-band again being frilled with the chiffon. The costume is of smoked grey cloth trimmed with velvet, traced with lace and steel, a tight-fitting bolero with collar matching this decoration, while the waistcoat is of finely pleated mousseline de soie with a lace cravat at the neck. This might be allowed to go to a wedding, when it could be relied upon to decorate with success the "aunt of the bride" who is no longer in her first youth—the aunt, I mean, not the bride.

My amiable correspondent "B. I. II." is more than welcome to my advice, which is to follow her own suggestion of black chiffon to cover the green gown, but to trim the chiffon with insertions of cream-coloured lace, three rows of this to be set round the skirt, and the same decoration to be permitted to appear on the bodice, which might have a tie of pale turquoise blue.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

At Earl's Court, where the Indian Exhibition was so successful last summer, there will be this year a "Victorian Exhibition." The Duchess of Devonshire is the president of the women's section, and the committee is, curiously enough, composed entirely of peeresses, save only for Henrietta Rae, the famous artist. I do not for one moment dispute her right to be there—quite to the contrary: she seems the one and only member of the committee who is in place! In this very aristocratically organised country the eight peeresses and the other two titled ladies are, no doubt, of great importance to the success of the enterprise; but, at any rate, they might add to their number as many actual working women. The committee appeal for the loan of exhibits suitable for the section.

"Henrietta Rae" is one of many illustrations among women workers of an ever-recurring inconvenience—the loss of the name in marriage. This celebrated artist is *alias* Mrs. Normand. It was stated in another column of this paper last week that Lord Leighton, when raised to the Peerage, retained his own name for his title because, as he said, "the name is the trade-mark that the worker cannot afford to lose." Precisely the same feeling arises in a woman's mind when she is asked to give up the name which she has made known in some branch of artistic, literary, musical, or public work; with the difference that very rarely is a male celebrity invited to take a title, while every successful woman professional worker, making a good income, is quite sure to be invited to assume the undistinguished name of some obscure lover! They all secretly gird against it; I remember standing in a group of singers at Mary Davies' wedding, and hearing them unanimously envying her her luck in marrying a man with the same name as her own, so that she became simply "Mrs." instead of "Miss" Davies. Married women singers generally use an *alias*, keeping the known name for platform use. Mrs. Jopling, when she married again, arranged with her intended husband that he should take her name and add it to his own, so that they became, both of them, "Jopling-Rowe"; nevertheless, she continues to sign her pictures "Louise Jopling," as Mrs. Normand does hers with her maiden name of "Henrietta

Rae," and as Alice Havers, Mary Ellen Edwards (the successful black and white artist), and many others have also done

Numerous actresses have, in like manner, stage and private married names. But this plan of having an *alias* is obviously inconvenient and undignified. In America one of the most celebrated actresses, Julia Marlowe, recently married a Mr. Tabor, and had herself "billed" under his name. The engagement was what actors expressively call "a frost," and the *entrepreneur* sued the lady for damages because she had concealed her identity, and thereby deprived him of his expected audiences. This is an extreme instance of the loss caused by the orthodox change of name.

Now, why should a woman worker be required to resign her "trade mark" because she marries? In our own social customs there is a contrary precedent. When a titled widow marries a commoner, she almost always, as everybody knows, retains her dead husband's name in order to keep her "Ladyship." In Scotland, as Mr. Barrie mentions in his Life of his mother, and as William and Robert Chambers also stated in their Autobiography, it is common for a woman to continue to be known by her maiden name after her marriage. If titled widows in England and humble women in Scotland can do this, why not all women whose past work makes their names of value?

Messrs. Walpole Brothers' famous Irish linen establishment, "Belfast House," 89, New Bond Street (three doors from Oxford Street), are offering special bargains in their sale which commenced on Monday, the 18th, and will continue for a month. Their prices are always exceptional for quality, as they are actual manufacturers, and have no intermediate profits to pay; but for this sale the prices are reduced to an unheard-of degree, as Messrs. Walpole have produced very largely during the past year, and are anxious to sell off, to keep their village of Irish weavers fully employed. In many cases the goods are reduced actually 33 per cent., or 6s. 8d. in the pound. Thus some fine table-cloths 2 yards square and in superfine linen double damask can be had for the unprecedented price of 8s. each, those 2½ yards long by 2 yards wide at 10s., and 3 yards at 12s., and full-size napkins to match are 15s. per dozen, these prices being one-third off the usual ones. Towels, sheets, handkerchiefs (some done up in half-dozen, real bargains) down quilts, and blankets all share in the reductions of unequalled magnitude. The designs are in the best taste; all articles are hemmed and marked in ink free of charge, and finally, carriage is paid to anywhere on orders of £1 and upwards. This makes the opportunity one not to be missed by ladies, whether in town or country; and for the benefit of the latter, Messrs. Walpole will send samples of the sale goods free on application. In their ladies' outfitting department



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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A A BOWLEY (Hemfield).—We are much obliged for your kindness, and hope to publish the game shortly.

W O F (Brondesbury).—Send a post-card to J M Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds, asking him for a list of books suitable for beginners.

E B Pym (Filey).—(1) No remuneration is given; they are accepted on their merits. (2) The City of London or Metropolitan Chess Clubs. (3) We doubt if first-class players would go to the trouble.

H F W LANE.—We will give a reply next week. It is quite impossible, with so many problems to examine, to answer immediately.

CASTLE LEA.—We give you credit below. About as many sent one solution as the other, but the clever solvers sent both.

E P VULLIAMY, W P BROWN AND OTHERS.—We agree with your commendation of No. 2751.

J MACDONALD (Helenburgh).—Received with thanks.

G DAHL (Copenhagen).—We are much obliged for your problems, and thank you for your good wishes. While we are examining the problems, would you kindly send in the solutions to prevent mistakes?

C JACOBY.—Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2747 received from Castle Lea and C A M (Penang); of No. 2751 from Spyridon Pascali (Corfu), W R B (Clifton), Thomas H Butler (Providence, U.S.A.), Colomann Semsey (Budapest), and C E H (Clifton); of No. 2752 from Charles J Fisher (Eye), C E H (Clifton), and H S Brandreth (Cairo); of No. 2753 from E G Boys, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), J Bailey (Newark), Miss D Gregson, H Wilson (Belfast), J Lake Ralph, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Sorrento, Charles Burnett, and John Thain (Devonport).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2751 received from C E Perugini, J Sowden, L De-anges, E G Boys, A G Filby, Charles Burnett, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), T Roberts, F Anderson, R H Brooks, T G (Ware), J S Wesley (Exeter), F James (Wolverhampton), James F Toor, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), G J Veal, Bluet, E B Foord (Cheltenham), C E M (Ayr), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Dame John, Shadforth, Alpha, L P Wilkinson, Sorrento, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), J F Moon, Hereward, F Waller (Luton), Frank Proctor, G L Gillespie, Fred J Gross, Frank R Pickering, H J Harding (Manchester), and C M O (Buxton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2753.—By C. PLANCK.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 6th. P to B 3rd
2. Q to K 3rd (ch). K takes B or Kt
3. Kt or B Mates

If Black play 1. K takes B, 2. Q to K B 6th (ch); if 1. K takes Kt, 2. Q to Q 6th (ch) and if 1. K to Q 5th, then 2. K to B 6th, mating in each case on the following move.

CHESS IN LLANDUDNO.

The two following games were played in the Craigside Tournament. The first between Messrs. A. BURN and W. H. GUNSTON.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th	4. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th
5. K P takes P	Kt takes P	5. K P takes P	Kt takes P
6. P takes P	Kt takes Kt	6. P takes P	Kt takes Kt
7. P takes Kt	B takes P	7. P takes Kt	B takes P
8. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	8. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
9. Castles	B to Q 2nd	9. Castles	B to Q 2nd
10. R to Kt sq	Q to B 2nd	10. R to Kt sq	Q to B 2nd
11. R to K sq		11. R to K sq	

Black adopts somewhat original methods of defence, and for this he cannot but be congratulated. It is, however, evident that the Knight was better at B 3rd.

The Pawns are so scattered that B takes P is not immediately necessary. Q to B 3rd or Q to R 4th may be commended.

White had a good game, but this move (to prevent Q to R 5th) was a blunder.

20. B to K B 4th Resigns

Game played between Messrs. G. MACDONALD and G. BELLINGHAM.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. Kt takes B (ch)	Q takes Kt
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	14. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt takes B
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
5. Castles	B to K 2nd		
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
7. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th		
8. Kt takes P	Kt to B 4th		
9. Kt to B 5th			
10. Q to Kt 4th	Castles		
11. B to R 6th	P to Kt 3rd		
	R to K sq		

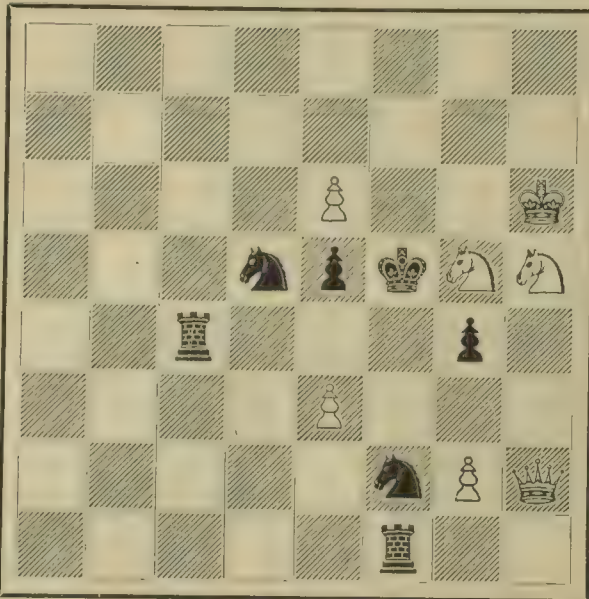
Many play here at once Kt takes P, but there is something to be said for developing instead. B to K 2nd being an admittedly excellent move about this point for Black.

The lively variation which White now enters upon renders the game interesting. Of course if Kt takes B White gains an advantage by Kt takes Kt P (ch), followed by B to R 6th.

And wins.

PROBLEM No. 2756.—By E. P. VULLIAMY.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

The match between Messrs. Lasker and Steinitz, after lasting two months, has terminated in a decisive victory for the former by ten games to two, five being drawn.

The Counties and Craigside Chess Tournament was brought to a conclusion after a most successful meeting, with the result that Mr. Bellingham, of Dudley, took the first prize, and Mr. Amos Burn, of Liverpool, the second. Mr. C. F. Dawbarn, of Liverpool, won the first prize in the second section.

The British Chess Magazine announces an international problem tournament for three-movers only. Four prizes, ranging in value from three guineas to half a guinea, are to be awarded. Entries close on May 31 for Europe, and on June 30 for other parts of the world. Competing problems should be forwarded to Mr. J. Rayner, 128, North Street, Leeds.

We notice that our esteemed correspondent Sorrento takes first place in the solution tourney of the Western Morning News.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 21, 1888), with a codicil (dated Aug. 4, 1892), of Mr. Thomas Rowley Hill, of St. Catherine's Hall, Worcester, M.P. for Worcester 1874-85, who died on Oct. 9, was proved at the Worcester District Registry on Dec. 30 by Thomas William Hill and Edward Henry Hill, the sons and surviving executors, the value of the personal estate being £170,322. The testator gives £1000 each to his sons-in-law the Rev. Richard Nathaniel Kane and the Rev. Joseph Bowstead Wilson, his daughters-in-law Mrs. Bertha Hill and Mrs. Agnes Elizabeth Hill, and to each of his grandchildren; and his silver plate and jewels between his four children. His son Thomas William Hill is to have the option, and failing him his son Edward Henry Hill and his two daughters successively, of purchasing the St. Catherine's Hall Estate for £25,000, and other real estate in Warwickshire and Hereford for £60,000. The residue of his property he leaves between his four children, Thomas William Hill, Edward Henry Hill, Mrs. Mary Evans Kane, and Mrs. Catherine Eliza Wilson, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated June 26, 1896) of Mr. Pascoe Dupré Grenfell, of 69, Eaton Place, and of Messrs. Morton Rose and Co., Princes Street, E.C., a director of many large mercantile companies, who died on Nov. 29, was proved on Jan. 9 by Ernest Chaplin, his partner, and Cecil Alfred Grenfell, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £125,252. The testator gives all his furniture, plate, jewels, wines, consumable stores, and live and dead stock, to his wife, Mrs. Sophia Grenfell, and £100 to Ernest Chaplin. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then between all his children in equal shares; but the portion of any daughter unmarried is not to be less than £10,000, and any sums advanced to or settled on his children in his lifetime are to be brought into hotchpot.

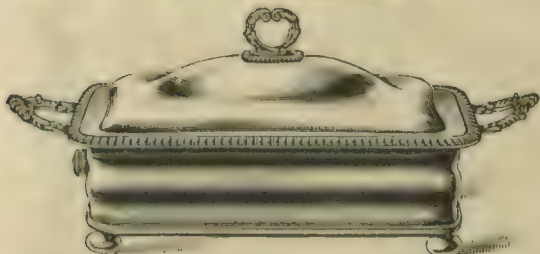
The will (dated Oct. 13, 1888), with two codicils (dated June 3, 1892, and June 29, 1895), of Mr. George Lane-Fox, J.P., D.L., of Bramham Park, near Leeds, who died on Nov. 2, was proved on Jan. 11 by James Thomas Richard Lane-Fox, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £88,610. He charges his estates with the payment of £2000 each to his daughters Mrs. Caroline Alexina Orred and Mrs. Katharine Mary Liddell; £12,000, and £1000 per annum until she marries, to his daughter Marcia Lane-Fox; and £7000 to his son George Sackville Frederick Lane-Fox. Subject to legacies to his servants, he leaves the residue of his real and personal estate to his son James.

The will (dated June 24, 1896) of Mr. Duncan Macpherson Macnab, of the Union Club, Trafalgar Square, and 12, Pall Mall, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Jan. 5 by John Archibald Iver Macpherson, the brother-in-law, Molière Tabuteau, and Mrs. Mary Jane Macpherson; the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £59,801. The testator bequeaths £600 and any money owing to him by her brothers to his niece Catherine S. Glass; £250, his household furniture and effects, and any other furniture she may buy to the value

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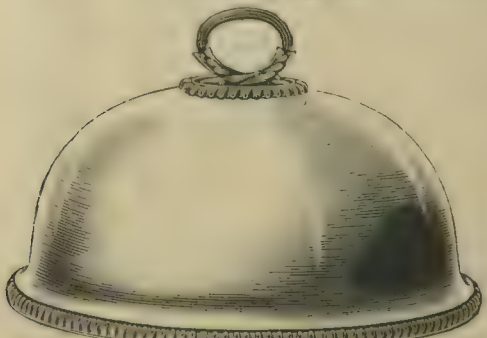
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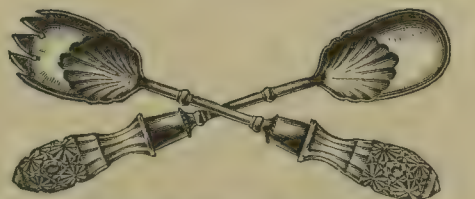
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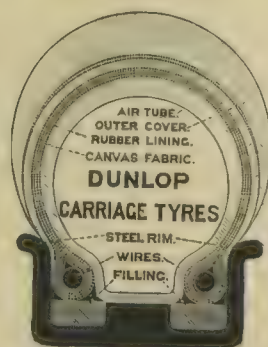
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of £1000, to his daughter Mrs. Mary Jane Macpherson; £250 to his son-in-law Major Duncan Alexander Allan Macpherson; £100 to his godson Claude Tabuteau; £6000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter, in part satisfaction of £8000 covenanted to be paid to them by her husband, and legacies to executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter for life and then upon further trusts for her husband and children.

The will (dated May 19, 1895), with two codicils (dated Aug. 3 and 22, 1896), of Mr. John Loraine Baldwin, of St. Ann's, Tintern, Chepstow, Mon., and 19, Marine Parade, Dover, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Jan. 9 by Charles Frederic Millett, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £37,190. The testator gives £50 each to the Dover and Chepstow divisions of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £50 each to the Vicars of Tintern Parva and Chapel Hill for the poor of their parishes; £500 to his niece, Isabella L. Daniell; £300 each to Gertrude Harcourt, Grace Isabella Harcourt, and Agnes M. Harcourt, £50 each to the Marquis of Worcester, Lord Henry Somerset, Lord Arthur Somerset, Lord Edward Somerset, and Blanche, Marchioness of Waterford; £300 to Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane; and other legacies. Should Lord H. Edward Somerset or his wife be appointed Warden of Tintern Abbey, they are to have the use, for life, of his effects at

St. Ann's. The residue of his property he leaves to his cousin, Elizabeth Ann Alice Harcourt.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1895) of Mr. Arthur Power Hicks, of 9, Roland Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 2, was proved on Jan. 5 by Sir Edward Hamer Carbutt, Bart., and Major Henry Cookson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £31,093. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Julia Eleanor, the widow of his brother, J. M. Hicks; £2000 each to John Fairfax Rhodes and Alice Fairfax Rhodes; £100 each to his three godchildren; and £2000, his service of silver-gilt and the contents of his house in London (except money and securities for money) to Sir Edward Hamer Carbutt. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between Major Henry Cookson and Mary Ann Cookson.

The will (dated July 22, 1884), with two codicils (one bearing the same date as the will and the other July 21, 1886), of Mrs. Ann Mocatta, of 32, Princes Gate, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on Jan. 6 by Edward Wagg and Francis Alfred Lucas, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £28,969. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road; £500 to University College, or North London Hospital; £100 each to the West London Synagogue, the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road), the Metropolitan Free Hospital (Commercial Road), the

Architects' Benevolent Institution, the National Hospital for Diseases of the Heart and Paralysis (Soho Square), and the Jews' Hospital (Norwood); £50 each to the Institution for the Relief of the Indigent Blind of the Jewish Persuasion, (Duke Street, Aldgate), the Portuguese and Spanish Jews' Hospital (Mile End Road), the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), and the British Home for Incurables (Clapham Road); and £25 to the Jewish Board of Guardians (Devonshire Square), all free of legacy duty. There are some specific and pecuniary bequests to relatives, executors, and others; and the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon various trusts, for the benefit of her brother, Sydney Goldsmid, her sisters, Maria Mocatta and Rachel Mocatta, and her nephews, Percy George Mocatta, Ernest George Mocatta, and Cecil David Mocatta; ultimately, on the death of the survivor of her said brother and sisters, one half of the residue is to go to her nephew Percy George Mocatta, and the other half between her nephews Ernest George Mocatta and Cecil David Mocatta.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1893) of Mrs. Amelia Margaret Westrop, of 3, Prince of Wales's Terrace, Kensington, carrying on business as Madame Louise at Oxford Street and Regent Street, who died on Oct. 23, was proved on Jan. 9 by Mr. Richard Westrop, the husband, Mr. Richard Baker, and Mr. George Augustus Purville Fletcher, the executors, the value of the personal estate being

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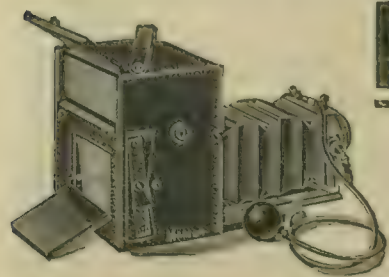


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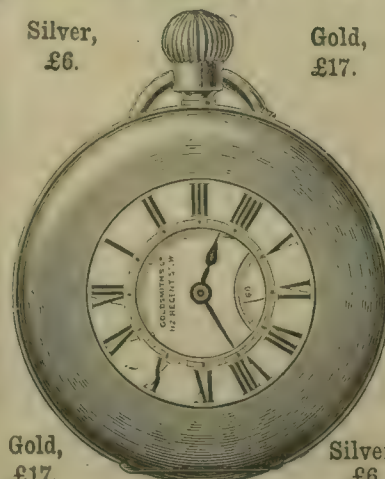
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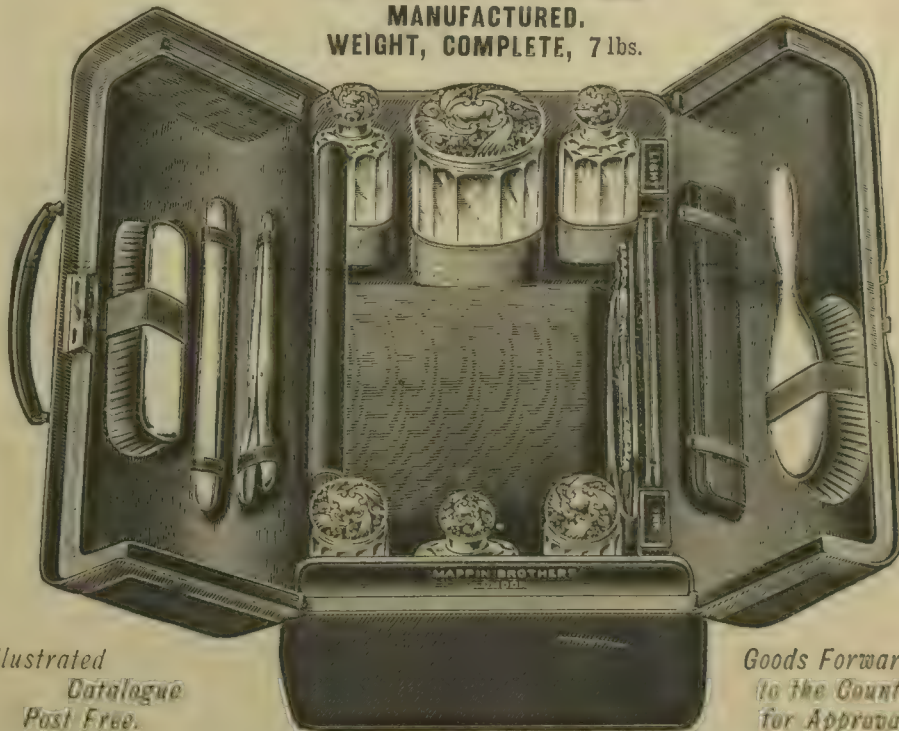
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£26,298 8s. 9d. The testatrix gives £300 to her step-son Herbert; £3000, upon trust, for her son Arthur; 100 guineas each to her executors; her diamond earrings and sable furs to her step-child Adeline; the remainder of her jewels and wearing apparel to her daughter Ethel; and her leasehold house, 3, Prince of Wales's Terrace, with the furniture and effects therein, to her husband for his life. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her husband for life, and then between her three children, Arthur Frederick Temple Westrop, Percy Charles Westrop, and Ethel Westrop, in such shares as her husband shall by will or codicil appoint.

The will of Lieutenant-General Henry William Gulliver, R.E., of 264, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 7, was proved on Jan. 5 by Henry James Duncan Paddy and Miss Emily Paddy, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £8783.

The will of Major-General Henry Thomas Richmond, of 21, St. John's Park, Blackheath, who died on Dec. 21, was proved on Jan. 8 by Mrs. Esther Richmond, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £2618 12s. 1d.

The will of Captain Louis Ferdinand Henry Courthope Morgan-Grenville, of Biddlesden Park, Bucks, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Dec. 22 at the Oxford District Registry by the Right Hon. Mary Baroness Kinloss, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £3584.



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ECCELESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is expected that the new Bishop of London will make more use of the official residence in St. James's Square than Bishop Temple did. Archbishop Temple has taken a furnished house in Lennox Gardens, and there is some doubt as to whether he will maintain Addington, Lambeth Palace being a sufficient residence.

The enthronement of the new Bishop of London is to take place in St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday next, Jan. 30. Part of the area beneath the dome will be reserved for the clergy of the diocese of London, but the rest of the cathedral will be free to the public.

Canon Scott Holland has been preaching in St. Paul's on the Higher Criticism, urging that it should be fairly considered. The question should be, Never mind whence it comes, is it true or is something of it true? Canon Scott Holland urges that Christians working on Christian lines should engage themselves in this cause. The contrast between his attitude to the subject and that of the late Canon Liddon is exceedingly noteworthy.

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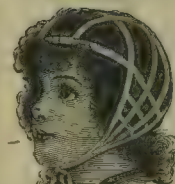


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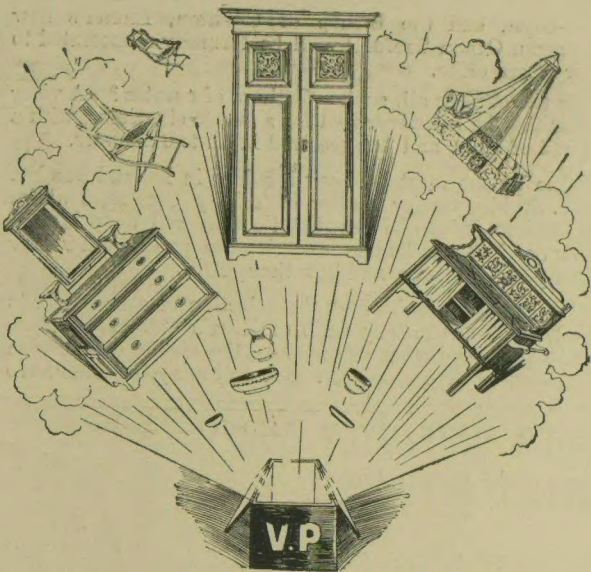
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THE IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR.

No matter how grey your hair, or bleached, or dyed, it makes it beautiful and glossy.

Restores **GREY HAIR** to its original colour

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 ON SALE BY HAIRDRESSERS AND CHEMISTS.

AT NIGHT
 The 20th Century HEAD BICYCLE LIGHT.

When you see coming down the road among a lot of little lights one that looks like a runaway bonfire, that's the

20th CENTURY BICYCLE LAMP

and if the wind blow or the road be rough and you see the lesser lights go out one by one until only one big light remains, THAT'S THE SAME

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Throws a Brilliant Light Ahead!

FITS ANY BICYCLE. BURNS PARAFFIN. KEEPS ALIGHT IN ALL WEATHERS. Price 15/-; Aluminium, 17/6. POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD. EUROPEAN AGENCY: 102, FORD ST., E.C. If not obtainable in your Town send P.O.O. direct to The 20th Century Company, 21, Baker Street, London, W.

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TRADE MARK

PRICE 6d. PER BOX.

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.

12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS. Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

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ASTHMA CURE
GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, and Oppression, immediately relieved by Grimault and Co.'s Indian Cigarettes. 1s. 6d. per box, at all Chemists, or post free from Wilcox and Co., 53, Mortimer St., Great Portland St., London, W.

although scarcely to be called brilliant. Their tone is decidedly catholic and tolerant.

Dr. Pentecost, the Presbyterian minister of Marylebone, has been called to New York. He virtually accepted the call, but the Presbytery of London, at its last meeting, took the unusual course of refusing to permit this. Notwithstanding, the probabilities are that Dr. Pentecost will go to America. He has gathered one of the largest congregations of London in Marylebone.

Archbishop Benson, it is said, spent his Church income on the Church. What he left, £35,000, was acquired by hard work at Rugby and Wellington as a schoolmaster.

It is suggested that Churchmen should manage and distribute their own Hospital Sunday funds.

Westminster Abbey will be the scene of a dual consecration of new Bishops on St. Matthias's Day, Feb. 24,

when both the Bishop-Designate of Peterborough, Mr. Carr-Glyn, and the Bishop of Crediton, Exeter's new suffragan, Canon Trefusis, will be formally consecrated to their sacred office.

Is there, after all, such a plethora of curates? A vicar writes that he has advertised for a curate six times, with a stipend of £100, and has received in all two answers.

One of the most brilliant scholars in Ireland was Dr. J. W. Stubbs, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. He has left, it is to be feared, little that will keep him in memory, but the Dublin examination papers show how accomplished he was, and how thoughtful.

There is no doubt that the selection of a successor to Dr. Wace in the Principalship of King's College, London, has so far been judiciously made. The special commission appointed by the council to report on the applications have

recommended the Rev. Archibald Robertson, D.D., Principal of Bishop Hatfield Hall, Durham. Dr. Robertson is one of the best theological scholars in the Church of England, and has been very successful in his important post in Durham.

The outgoing Principal of King's made the most notable contribution to last week's annual meeting of Evangelical Clergy at Islington, with a vigorously asserted claim for the strictly Protestant character of the Thirty-Nine Articles.

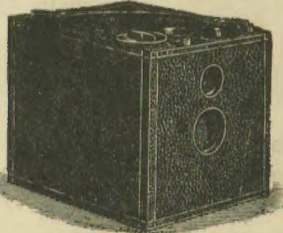
The new Bishop of Killaloe is the Dean of Cork, the Very Rev. Merwyn Archdale. Dr. Archdale is wholly unknown to the English public, but he is said to be High Church in his tendencies.

The Rev. E. A. Fellowes, of Oriel College, Oxford, has accepted the Precentorship of Bristol.

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FOR GREY WHISKERS, EYEBROWS, &c.

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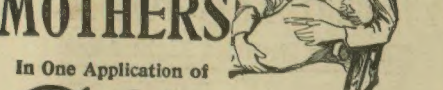
Will permanently restore the colour to any desired natural shade, true to Nature, in Two Hours. The Extract is not a Dye. It strengthens and promotes the growth of the Hair, is applied in two minutes, does not stain the skin, and is perfectly harmless. To Ladies this Extract is invaluable for restoring the colour close to the skin, and can be used with any other Restorer. Of all Chemists, or direct from **GEORGE COURTICE** (Thirty Years Professor of Hair Specimens to the Honourable Benchers of the Inner Temple), LABORATORY, 8, BISHOP'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON. Prices 1s., 2s., 6d., 9s., 10s., and 21s.

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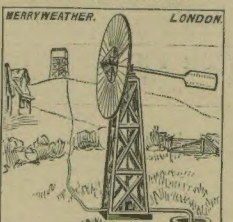
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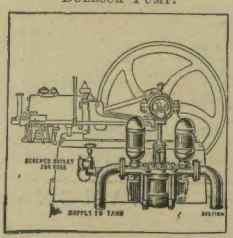
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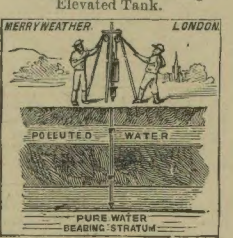
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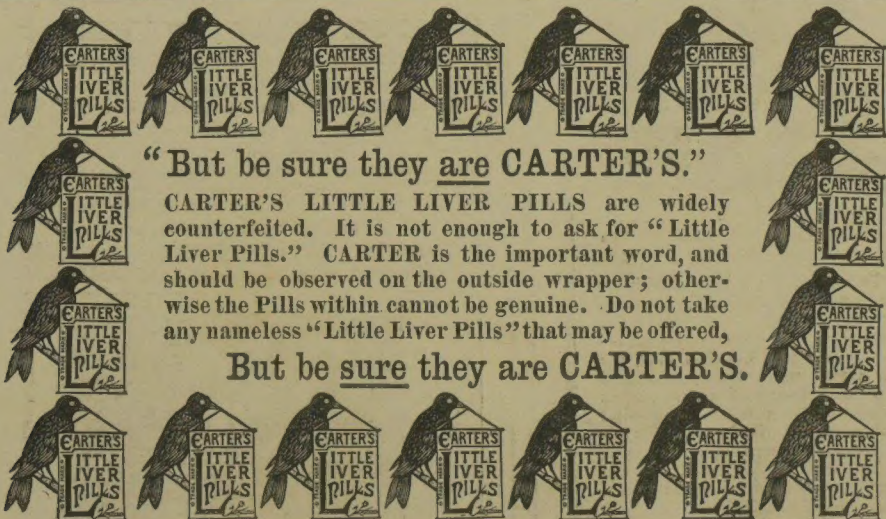
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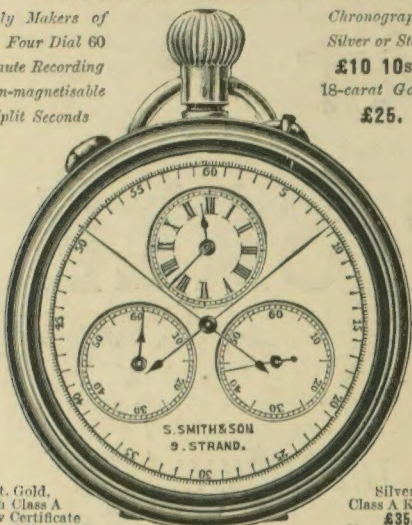
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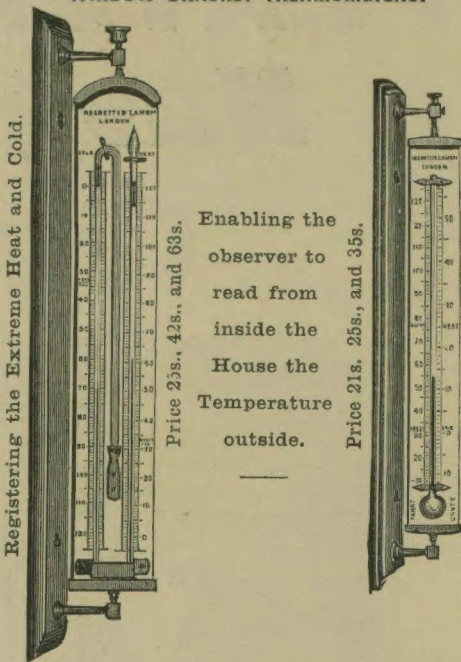
By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur
were also taken; and for physic—with
which it is as well to be supplied when
travelling in out-of-the-way places—
some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the
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one which I have used on the natives
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possible success. In fact, the marvel-
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will never fade from my memory; and
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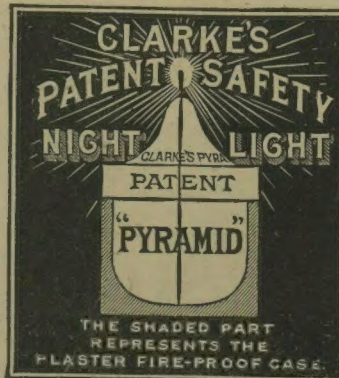
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